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HOW THE CAP'N SAVED THE DAY

By Walter Williams

With a Drawing by Frank X. Leyendecker

HE WAS such a little fellow. The lily which bloomed in the corner of the yard was taller and scarcely more slender than he. His head, even when he wore his high-heeled shoes, did not reach up to the great iron knocker that hung on the front door. The calendar said the Cap'n was five years old, but nobody believed the calendar, least of all those who saw the small figure for the first time.

Everybody called him The Cap'n, because he held himself up so straight and walked with such military precision. He wore a bit of flag on his tiny coat one day as he went down to the negro cabin where his old "mammy" stayed. "Lawd bress us," said she, a broad grin on her face, "heah comes de Cap'n!" The name stuck to him. He carried himself like a King, and even his "nightie," as he walked away into the dark to bed, always clung to his slight little body like the robes of a Prince of Royal blood.

The Cap'n was afraid of nothing. He laughed, a brave little laugh, into the eyes of a strange and angry dog. He played in the roadway under the horses' heels. He climbed on the horses' backs, the wildest of them, and bestrode them just like a miniature Centaur. He clinched his fist and struck at a visitor who teased him with the good-natured brutality with which some grown-up people treat children.

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When the soldiers came to town, The Cap'n sat on the gate-post and waved his little flag. He looked a part of the post, so still he sat, save for the arm that waved the flag, so solemn he was and white, like a carven image, his face. The men took off their hats to him and threw kisses as they passed. They camped on the common, not far away, and The Cap'n, in charge of his old black mammy, whom he ordered around as though she were his dog and who obeyed him as willingly, went to see them every day.

It was not long before the soldiers became his devoted slaves. Perhaps they thought of the dear ones at home, and of a little figure that had waved good-by as they marched off. From the grave and reverend Colonel down to the scrap of a drummer-boy, the whole regiment was literally at The Cap'n's feet.

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It was Company B that first adopted him. One morning, on dress parade, Lieutenant Martin stated that he had a new recruit, a commissioned officer, whom he would introduce to the men. He went into the officers' tent and led out The Cap'n, dressed in full uniform, sword and belt and all. The soldiers set up a cheer that shook the very trees. And The Cap'n walked slowly down in front of the long line and took off his little hat and bowed a sober bow, and said, as though he had been fifty years old and a real General: "My men, I'm glad to belong to Comp'ny B. I thank you for your kind re-cep-tion."

Then the soldiers almost split their throats with shouting, until the Colonel of the regiment came riding over to see what the matter was. Company B was the most stuck-up company in the entire regiment from that day forward.

Did not The Cap'n belong to it, and was not he a mascot? Men of the other companies tried to beg or borrow The Cap'n, but Company B only laughed at them. They sought to bribe The Cap'n, but he indignantly refused to leave his first love. Only once was he tempted, and that was when Company F offered him a little pony, with saddle and bridle, if he would ride with them on dress parade. But he did not go any farther than the officers' tent, and then said, in his childish drawl, "Ex-cuse me, but I must go back to Comp'ny B."

The men of Company B heard of it, and they ransacked the country for a pony for The Cap'n. Finally they found one, about the size of a large St. Bernard dog, and equally as gentle. They fitted the pony out with bridle and saddle, and made the presentation in proper form to The Cap'n.

Each morning thereafter The Cap'n rode his pony out in front of the men and gravely inspected them. He would blow a little bugle and wave his sword. He sat firm and dignified, and touched his hat in military salute, like a trained veteran of half a hundred years. Not a man in the company but would have rolled in the dust for him—or, what seemed little more serious to them, would have faced death at the cannon's mouth. He ruled them like a tyrant.

Thus the long summer days came and went. The Cap'n would ride from his home, a mile away, to the white city of tents. His old mammy followed him on foot, and hung around the camp and watched him from afar. Sometimes his little sister came, a bit of a baby with rosy cheeks and great brown eyes. The soldiers thronged about him, made him curious toys of twigs and leaves, and talked to him in fashion almost reverential. He stood in their eyes for wife and children.

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But one day the unexpected happened, as it always does in war—and peace. The regiment was stationed on guard duty. The men were held in reserve miles away from the active warfare, and had grumbled much thereat. They were eager to show their patriotism by fighting.

The opportunity came. The enemy, by a forced march, hurled a detachment double their number upon the camp. The pickets were surprised, captured or driven in. The regiment was at breakfast. There was a hurried call to arms, and lines were formed,

AS THE MISSILES FLEW THICKEST, A NEW FIGURE CAME INTO VIEW

as rapidly as possible under the fire. But the attack came with such swiftness and force that the regiment was borne back. Slowly they retired at first, and then the orderly retreat became a rout. Down the hill the panic-stricken soldiers went. Officers tried to rally them in vain. They rushed hither, thither, everywhere, seeking only to escape the shower of lead which the enemy poured furiously upon them from a neighboring thicket.

As the missiles flew the thickest, out from the long lane into the opening between the contending parties a new figure came into view. It was The Cap'n, on his pony, wholly unconscious of the hell into which he rode. Dressed in his uniform, with shining sword dangling at his side, he rode on. He looked around. The camp was in confusion. Smoke from many guns filled the air. The crack of musketry sounded sharp and clear. Through the thicket he could see a strange flag fluttering, and down the hill he watched for a few moments the fleeing forms of the members of Company B.

The Cap'n was greatly puzzled; he could not understand it all. He thought it must be a sham battle, a mimic warfare that he had once seen. He wondered why he had not known of it. And what were all those soldiers lying down for? And why did no one come to meet him? He would call them. He raised his bugle to his lips, and over the crack of muskets and the other noise of battle sounded the bugle-call to charge. Louder and louder he blew, until his whole strength went into the inspiring summons.

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The enemy heard the bugle-call and were puzzled. Had reënforcements come? They saw the little figure perched on his pony's back and wondered more. Was it a trick to divert their attention? They could not fire at children, and there came The Cap'n's little sister trudging along in the dust after her big, five-year-old brother.

Company B heard the bugle-call as the soldiers tumbled rather than ran down the hill. At first it awakened no response. Then the frightened soldiers stopped in their wild, mad flight, one here, one yonder. A Corporal turned and looked. Through a rift in the smoke, blown by a passing breeze, he saw the pony and its rider. "Boys, it's The Cap'n. He's calling us!"

The bugle rang out again. 'Twas the only note the little fellow knew—the first notes of the battle charge.

"I'm going back, boys," said the Corporal. "I'm going back after The Cap'n!"

"For The Cap'n's sake!" cried Lieutenant Martin as he wheeled his horse. "Let's go back for The Cap'n's sake!"

The cry went on along the hillside. Cowards were stayed and turned into heroes. The broken line reformed. Nobody knew that the enemy had ceased firing. Nobody cared. They were going back for The Cap'n's sake. He must not be ashamed of them! The line swept up the hill.

Behind Company B, which on the centre had been the last of the regiment to fall back, were reforming the broken wings. Upon such little things as ribbon or horseshoe of a child's voice do large things, like fate of battles and of nations, hang. The Cap'n saw his familiar Company B come steadily, swiftly forward. He laughed in childish glee. He blew his bugle. He called in a shrill, childish treble, and then——

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"What's that?" The Cap'n had sunk back into his saddle; his bugle fell to his side, and then a baby form was on the ground and the blood of the innocent was upon the clover and green grass. A stray bullet from an enemy's rifle had struck him there.

It had not needed this to win the battle. The baby's bugle-call had settled that.

But now Company B fought like tigers, remembering the little form upon the ground. Each man had the strength of ten. Somehow, someway, they blamed each individual opponent with the firing of the shot which struck The Cap'n, and dealt with each accordingly. No enemy could stand before an onslaught like that of Company B. There was resistance, of course. There was a sharp fight, a hand-to-hand struggle within the thicket, but "For The Cap'n's sake!" was the cry with which the enemy was driven from the field.

Two hours later the soldiers came slowly back to camp. The Cap'n lay in the ambulance wagon white as the sheet which covered him. His little hand held a silver bugle. A smile, wan, like a real smile's ghost, was on his face. His black mammy hung over him, and the old regimental Surgeon stood by with anxious look. Suddenly the pathetic little figure stirred. He was speaking.

"Sister, tell the boys I'll play for them tomorrow; I'm tired now," he whispered. His blue eyes closed. The Cap'n was asleep.

He did not die, though for days his life hung on a thread and his voice was almost gone. Through all his illness he held the bugle, and would raise it to his thin, parched lips and try to blow a charge, but could not. To this glad hour the glory of Company B is the battle which they fought and won that summer morning! And if you ask them, each member of Company B will tell you 'twas The Cap'n who saved the day.

Aaron Priestly's Stewardship

The Secret of His Record Book

By HARRY LINDSAY

HE HAD been Circuit Steward for forty years, receiving and disbursing the funds and discharging the minor details of the office with patient fidelity. He was a lawyer and a wealthy man, and perhaps that had something to do with his long term of office.

The nomination is vested solely with the Superintendent Minister, and naturally he loves to name men of means and of acumen to fill so distinguished a post. And no one will greatly blame him for so doing. Such men give a status and a dignity to the circuit, not only in the immediate neighborhood, but, what is still more important, in the District Synods and at the Conference.

But forty years is a long time, and a man in office so long is apt to think himself indispensable. It is but human nature that he should do so. Others, too, begin to imagine that such a man has a monopoly of honor and responsibility, and the critics—not openly, of course, but clandestinely—load him with opprobrium.

Aaron Priestly had seen a long procession of preachers come and go, but he never changed. Like Tennyson's brook, it seemed as if he went on forever. Nothing was more certain than his renomination at each December meeting, "just for one more year," until at length the Quarterly Meeting had come to accept the proposition as a matter of course, and would have been completely shocked and dazed had the name of any other man ever been mentioned.

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Of course, there were exceptions, as there are to all things, though there had been none to Aaron Priestly's forty years of office. A few ardent spirits longed for a change, and it was their fervent hope that each new Superintendent Minister would effect it. Some of the bolder among them even ventured to suggest the desirability of such a change to each newcomer. But, either for the reasons above stated, or that no minister had sufficient courage to break through such long-established customs, things continued the same year after year.

At each December Quarterly Meeting the Superintendent would rise from his seat, and in a graceful and complimentary speech, with a neatly worded tribute in it to the Steward's long and excellent services, beg leave to mention a name which he ventured to think would be received with acclamation by all the brethren present; and then he would, as usual, name Aaron Priestly.

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Then the show of hands would be taken, after which the Steward would leisurely struggle to his feet, and, with the greatest suavity imaginable, graciously condescend to accept the office "for one more year," but always expressing the hope that some of the other brethren would see their way to allow themselves to be nominated for the high office next year, as it was about time, he would naïvely add, that there should be a change. Then the Junior Steward in office, a youth of only fifteen years' standing, would be renominated to serve with his senior, and he would in turn accept office with the same genial suavity, but with the expression of his annual joke that he did not consider himself a freeholder in the stewardship, like his honored brother, but merely a lease-holder, and he hoped the meeting would see its way to put a new tenant in next year.

At length the Rev. Theophilus Todd was appointed Superintendent Minister of the circuit, and he took the Steward at his word. "The fact is," he said to Aaron, "I am quite of your opinion, and I think your decision a very wise one."

Aaron looked at him in amazement. He knew well what the minister meant, but he thought the minister ought to have well known that his annual statement at the Quarterly Meeting was only his courteous way of thanking the meeting for a renewal of its confidence in him. He was nettled that the Superintendent should be so dense.

"I've heard a good deal of dissatisfaction expressed up and down the circuit, and I think it best to allay it at once."

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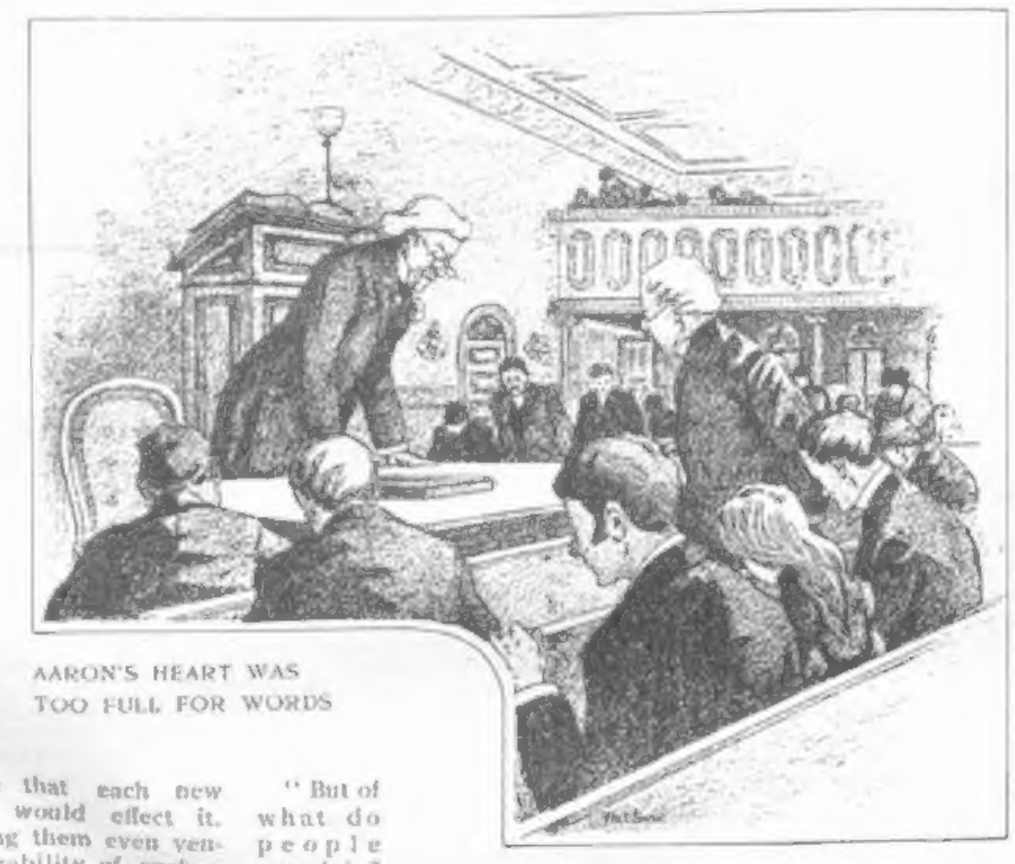
The Rev. Theophilus Todd had undoubtedly received a call to the ministry, but none to diplomacy.

"Dissatisfaction! Pray, at what?"

"Now, now, Mr. Priestly, don't grow indignant! There's really no cause for it whatever, and if you will only control yourself a little I am sure that you will see that the policy which I suggest is a wise one."



AARON'S HEART WAS TOO FULL FOR WORDS

"But of what do people complain? Of my ability? Oh! you needn't hold up your hands in that shocked manner. If there's dissatisfaction, there are some grounds for it, I suppose. Do people say I am unfit for my position? You shake your head. Well, what do they say? Do they say I am not sufficiently zealous? No, again. Well, is it my faithfulness they impugn? Or my loyalty? or what is it?

"And, pray, who are they who have expressed such dissatisfaction? They are surely late in the day originating the word. I have been Steward for forty years, and, until now, I've never so much as heard a whisper of such a thing. If these unnamed grumblers have anything to say, why don't they say it to my face, instead of secretly stirring up strife? There's the Quarterly Meeting; let them attend it, and say their say above board if they are not cowards."

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Aaron's strong indignation had been growing while he had been speaking, so that by the time he had poured out his hot torrent of words he had come to consider himself a much-abused man. And that was just the feeling his face expressed as he stood glaring at the minister.

"These are democratic times," said the minister, "and that is the only explanation I can offer you for this widespread dissatisfaction. But you greatly wrong the friends throughout the circuit in thinking that they undervalue your abilities or your zeal. Everywhere I hear you spoken of with becoming respect. It is not you, but your long continuance in office that occasions the dissatisfaction. It is generally thought that there should be a change."

"Some one covets my office?" Aaron asked sharply.

"No one that I am aware of. As I said before, this feeling is not confined to one person; it is widespread. A change is thought desirable in order that the honors and responsibilities of office may be shared, and in order that others may be able to take a deeper and a more intelligent interest in the circuit."

Aaron fumed angrily. "There is not another man in the circuit capable of sustaining the dignity of the Stewardship!

"I maintain it," he went on, with growing anger, as he noticed the minister's surprise. "Nor is there one qualified. Look round upon the circuit. Is there a single man of education that you can point to as fit for the office?"

"There's Mr. Sayce?"

"An old pettifogging jerry-builder," said Aaron contemptuously.

"Well, Mr. Robbins?"

"A miserable credit-giving grocer, who makes people pay through the nose."

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"How about Mr. Lomas, then? He's a shrewd man. His business is a fairly good-sized one, too, and he seems to conduct it with success."

"Isaiah Lomas! That hot-headed man! Why, he would smash the circuit to pieces in less than a twelvemonth. As for the others, they all belong to the working classes. Just think of sending a tinker, or a cobbler, or a collier, or a farm-laborer to the District Synod! He would be like a fish out of water. You don't think so? You think every member should have his chance? Do you really believe, Mr. Superintendent, that such men would be capable of safeguarding the best interests of the circuit at such a meeting? Man, I am surprised at you! Besides, have you no respect whatever for decorum?"

And so Aaron clung to office. Nothing the minister said could convince him of the wisdom of conforming to the wish of the times. He had ruled so long that he could not bear to contemplate the thought of laying down his sceptre.

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And, on the whole, Aaron had ruled wisely. Though he should not have been the man to say it, the truth was patent that no man in the circuit was capable of following him with anything like the dignity with which he had buttressed and permeated his office. No other man was so good a Methodist.

There were just as good Christian men, but a long term of official life had brought Aaron into intimate acquaintanceship with all the inner workings of the church of his fathers, and he loved it with an intelligent love. And what was just then more to the point, he had been a good friend to the circuit, much of which goodness was well known, but of which the greater part was hidden. He had never been the man to let his left hand know what his right did.

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"And now they want to put you out of the stewardship!" exclaimed his wife in disgust, when she heard of it.

"That's what they are plotting for," Aaron answered simply.

"And whom do they suggest in your place, Aaron?"

"I don't know. Sayce, or Robbins, or Lomas, I suppose."

"The ungrateful things! Why, these men know nothing of Methodism. And what sacrifices have these men ever made for Methodism, I should like to know?"

"Hush!" exclaimed Aaron cautiously, for whatever of fight he had recently shown the Superintendent, he was not the man to encourage rebellion in others, and least of all persons in his wife. Besides, what the minister could not do, reflection was already doing for him. Gradually but surely the conviction was growing upon him that there was no alternative for him, as a Christian man and a gentleman, but to calmly and bravely submit to the inevitable.

"Self-sacrifice, my dear," was all he said, "demands opportunity, and if there be those

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in the circuit who are burning for the chance of showing it, I shall not be the man to stand in their way, I assure you."

It wanted a full month yet to quarter-day, but next morning Aaron shut himself up in his private office and remained closeted there for hours poring over the circuit finance ledger. It had been a standing complaint for years that this book was never produced at the meetings and laid upon the table for inspection. And, in truth, there were some entries in that book which were the cause of Aaron's secrecy, and which he would not have had seen for worlds. Not even his Junior Steward knew of those entries, nor yet his wife, and they were known to Aaron and God alone. The problem he had to solve that morning was how to get rid of those entries—a problem, however, which he utterly failed to solve.

Yet no one doubted Aaron's probity, or even hinted at such a thing. But it was more business-like, people said, that things should be done openly. Besides—it was fatal to the best interests of the circuit to keep the members of the Quarterly Meeting in ignorance of its financial transactions.

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"Personally, Ahm content wi' things as 'em be," said old Simeon Tandy, the Woodleigh local preacher. "Ah've been goin' oop an' down this circuit nigh on forty years now, an' Ah've not yet seen th' man fit to stan' in Aaron Priestly's shoes."

Simeon had been preaching that morning at the Spaton "Cathedral," as the local brethren facetiously dubbed the circuit-town chapel, and this conversation took place at Mr. Sayce's dinner-table.

"That's not the question, Simeon," said the jerry-builder. "No one raises the question of Aaron Priestly's fitness for the office he has so long filled. The point to look at is the desirability of a change."

"Ah see none," replied Simeon somewhat abruptly, and plied his knife and fork. "What Ah do see be that some foaks be ower covetous for office."

"Really, Mr. Tandy, you are in an uncharitable mood this morning."

"If Ah be it be th' ingratitude o' th' circuit that makes me so," retorted Simeon. "Ah cannot 'bide this clamor for change. Why should foak wish it? Aaron Priestly was good 'nough for their fathers, and he be good 'nough for 'em.

"Desirable? Ah can't see that. Aaron be a man respected right throughout th' Connexion, an' what Ah see desirable be that it be well to have a well-known man as Steward. Look at th' influence Aaron has!

"Ah'll never credit that th' Super contemplates any such change till Ah sees it."

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At length the great day of the Quarterly Meeting arrived, and no one who was present ever remembered seeing so large a gathering before. Every place in the circuit was not only represented, but it really seemed as if all of every place who had any right to be present had availed themselves of the opportunity. So unexpectedly large was the gathering that it afterward taxed all the ingenuity of the ladies to provide tea for those who were present.

The Superintendent had already announced the opening hymn when the Stewards came out of the vestry and took their places at the table. Aaron wore a white flower in his buttonhole, set off with a spray of maidenhair fern. The oldest member of that meeting had never known Aaron to sit at that quarterly board without a flower in his coat. But on this occasion it was remarked that his bouquet was specially neat and pretty.

"If it be the inevitable," he had said to his junior that morning in his greenhouse, as his gardener cut the flower for him, "I will meet it with a good grace, and with the blameless purity of this white flower."

During the singing of the hymn, Aaron looked round upon the brethren. An "old hand" at those meetings, he was quick to realize the meaning of the unusual number present, and a faint smile flitted across his face. The subdued but palpable excitement of the brethren, too, did not escape him, and a lump rose in his throat as he thought of the reason of it.

And Are We Yet Alive was the hymn sung, and, when it was finished, the Superintendent called upon Aaron to pray. It was a most unusual thing for the minister to ask the Steward to pray, for it was generally one of the local brethren who was called upon, but there were those present who secretly commended the minister for so doing. It was catching the Steward with guile. But the solemn sequel was not anticipated. Aaron's heart was almost too full for words, and for a space the brethren knelt in silence, no sound escaping him the while. A painful hush fell upon the assembly, and, when a few more moments of deep silence ensued, more than one of those present glanced up at Aaron.

He was standing with both hands bearing heavily down upon the table in front of him, his usual ruddy-looking countenance blanched, and the nerves of his face twitching with strong emotion. Several times he essayed to speak, and failed. Every man in the meeting guessed the truth, and a thrill of sympathy passed from heart to heart.

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A moment longer and Aaron found utterance. "Our Father, which art in Heaven. . . ."

That was the prayer. Not another word. His usual stateliness of style was forgotten. He just harked back to the prayer his mother taught him by her knee, and which he had offered at least twice a day ever since that time, but never with such deep feeling as now; the prayer which our Lord taught to His disciples, and the sublimest prayer that human lips can utter.

"That prayer," said Simeon afterward to his friend, John Oakey, the Woodleigh farmer, "gave a tone t' th' whole mittin', an' altered its character."

Then came the usual financial statement, which proved another surprise. As the Senior Steward, it had always been Aaron's practice to make this statement himself, but on this occasion the Junior Steward read out Aaron's figures.

When he had finished he paused impressively and looked round upon the brethren. He was strongly excited.

"This," he said presently, with a choking voice, and holding up a large book, "is the circuit finance ledger. Rumors of dissatisfaction have reached us that it has not been produced at this table for audit." He paused again, and the brethren could see the moisture from his eyes dim his spectacles.

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"I say nothing now," he went on again, slowly, "of the cruel reflection of such rumors upon our characters as Stewards, specially upon that of my dear friend and brother here. My eyes have been opened during the last few days, and if I knew less I should say more." Again he paused impressively. "It is now my duty to move that this book be audited, and I name yourself, Mr. Superintendent, and Mr. Sayce."

The jerry-builder was on his feet in an instant. "I beg, sir, to decline. If that book must be audited, let some one else do it. But is it necessary, sir? After what we have heard from the Junior Steward, is there a man who would undertake the audit?"

During this brief and somewhat peppery speech a whispered consultation was taking place at the table. Those sitting nearest could hear the Junior Steward telling the Chairman that he insisted upon an audit.

"Very well," whispered the Chairman, "two shall be appointed."

"And the audit must take place at once," urged the Junior Steward.

The Superintendent looked both confused and surprised, but he rose to his feet and announced that it was the Stewards' strong wish that the audit should at once take place.

"If Brother Sayce will not agree, perhaps Brothers Robbins and Lomas will undertake it as a favor to the Stewards," he urged.

"And yourself, Mr. Chairman," persisted the Junior Steward.

After a little more skirmishing and hesitation, the brethren mentioned agreed, and it was arranged that the audit should take place during the tea-time. Then the meeting settled down to its usual routine of business.

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"But there was no audit after all," explained Simeon Tandy to John Oakey that same evening in the farmer's byre. "Just one glance at th' book was 'nough for 'em. Page after page, back for forty year, showed a growin' debt 'pon circuit, amountin' to hundreds of dollars, how many em' didn't stop to count. But it was all written off, an' th' words 'Canceled for Christ's sake' was to be seen in red ink on ev'ry page.

"What did Maister Sayce say? Dunno. He did not come into th' mittin' after tea. He told some o' th' brethren that he had an engagement at Spaton. But Ahm thinkin' that he was 'shamed to show his face in th' mittin' again."

"So, therefore, Aaron Priestly be Circuit Steward again?"

"Yes. Just for one more year."

THE MYSTERY CONNECTED WITH MRS. JESSOP

By E. Rentoul Esler

With Drawings by . . . . GRUGER

THE sensation Mrs. Jessop's advent made at Sudbury was incalculable. There had not been a new settler in the neighborhood for a quarter of a century; there was no reason why there should be new settlers, as the community was altogether self-sufficing. No doubt there were changes that were imperative, as in vicars or doctors or curates, but the newcomers always arrived with credentials of some sort, and were accepted, after reflection, as a matter of course. But a strange woman, coming no one knew whence, without even a servant with her, and taking the only vacant house of any standing in the parish, and that without consulting any one, certainly gave scope for considerable comment.

People thought Mr. Girdwood, the proprietor, owed it to his old friends not to have let his house without searching inquiries regarding the intending occupant, if it were only to satisfy legitimate curiosity. But Mr. Girdwood, who was really vulgar, only slapped his pocket when remonstrated with, and said Mrs. Jessop was all right in that quarter; that she paid without a murmur the rent he asked (but never expected to receive), and that she was to be responsible for all the repairs. "That is credentials enough for me," the man added, with the chuckle that Miss Blyth considered quite horrid.

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Certainly Mrs. Jessop engaged servants at Sudbury, and these, as in duty bound, told everything they could discover about her on their evenings out; but that was not as good as earlier records. The lady evidently had loads of money, and such dainty personal possessions as Sudbury considered sheer waste and sinful extravagance; and she had photographs of friends, and she spoke incidentally now and then of her parents and her early home; but she received no letters as far as Sudbury could elicit, and in all the house there was no portrait of Mr. Jessop that the maid-servants could discover.

That the stranger intended to be a permanent resident and not a bird of passage was obvious, for she fell on that respectable Sudbury house in a way that the neighbors considered perfectly savage, clawed the heart out of it, made one room into two or two into one as fast as not, put a hall where the parlor had been, and threw the hall into the drawing-room, filled the sensible gable windows with stained glass, and otherwise juggled with its character in a manner Sudbury had never dreamed of.

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Then she did not buy a single stick of furniture at Nutford, where Sudbury had furnished for centuries, but had everything sent in vans from London, if you please, after which her correspondence began briskly enough. Sudbury was suspicious, was even indignant, but over and above all else, Sudbury was terribly curious.

Who could the stranger be? What could she be? Was she an adventuress? She had opened a banking account at Nutford, so that item was satisfactory. But the questions remained—was she respectable, and was she quite right in her head?

There were many people who were not mad enough for incarceration, that yet were a little touched; again, there were quite mad people who had cunningly eluded suspicion for years, only rolling their eyes and wearing straws in their hair in private. Was Mrs. Jessop a criminal? Was she a lunatic, or was she merely an interesting and highly respectable middle-aged lady?

Mrs. Brown, the Doctor's wife, was considered the fitting person to solve this doubt. She could pay a visit that would be regarded as semi-professional in case she decided that Mrs. Jessop was not a person whose acquaintance it would be advantageous to the ladies of the neighborhood to cultivate.

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Five spinsters therefore called on Mrs. Brown, and had tea in her cozy sitting-room, while they sent her forth on her voyage of discovery, most of them waiting in the window recess to watch for her return.

Mrs. Brown came back with a little flutter of interest in her bearing. Mrs. Jessop was quite sane—in her opinion rather nice, she said; but certainly her house could only be characterized as remarkable.

The auditors asked for some particulars. "Well, you see, the walls are red, and blue, and green, and yellow."

The assembled ladies expressed the utmost astonishment.

"And there are lamps standing on the floor, and palm trees on tables, and single curtains sticking straight out from the walls on poles, and a rug in the hall, and no rug at the drawing-room hearth."

"Then she must be mad," Miss Maythorn said most positively.

"She talked quite rationally," Mrs. Brown maintained; "and I must say—yes, I must say, though I never saw anything like it before—that the house is not ugly."

Then all the ladies determined to call, but on the same afternoon, because it was always possible that Mrs. Brown was mistaken, and that Mrs. Jessop was mad; in which case, if she proved violent, it would be feasible to give an alarm before she had killed more than two or three of them. But they would not enter all together, as that might render the lady suspicious, and precipitate the catastrophe; two would go first, and the others would follow at short intervals.

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Mrs. Jessop was, however, quite sane; a pretty, elderly, retiring and rather nervous little woman, with somewhat deprecating manners, who, apart from her peculiar house, would have been unnoticeable. That the house embodied the newest ideas in modern art furnishing was quite unknown to the ladies of Sudbury, who wanted to be patronizing and friendly, but, in their profound surprise, stared and spoke jerkily.

"She must have heaps and heaps of money," Miss Grey said in an awed tone, as the ladies returned home together.

Miss Blackwood wondered how she had made it, and Miss Blyth said it had been inherited from her husband, no doubt, husbands being much the easiest means to a satisfactory income. Then the ladies began to wonder what Mr. Jessop had been, it being a foregone conclusion that he no longer was.

From the first Mrs. Jessop had aroused interest; in the end she attained popularity, for she was anxious to please, and, in spite of her possessions, had a humble and conciliatory way with her, which led the shrewdest of her new friends to opine that the late Mr. Jessop had been something of a Tartar.

Regarding that gentleman curiosity could elicit nothing, and better-class Sudbury had

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Mystery Connected with Mrs. Jessop, is taken from Youth at the Prow, a collection of short stories by E. Rentoul Esler. Published by John Long, London.

MRS. JESSOP

too much nice feeling to permit itself the liberty of direct questions. "I am sure he treated her badly, and she will not say so now he is gone," Miss Blyth averred, when several curious touches had found only a wall of silence in front of Mrs. Jessop's matrimonial experiences.

"It is much worse to have a bad husband than to have no husband at all," Miss Grey said wisely, with the air of a discoverer.

Once Mrs. Girdwood had asked Mrs. Jessop if she had ever had any children, and the latter answered, "No, never!" in a tone that implied indignation at the question.

Now and then Sudbury was a little indignant that Mrs. Jessop made mysteries. Why could she not tell the neighbors all about herself, as they would have told her all about each other? They couldn't understand it.

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But impersonal indignation will wane in time if not fostered. Mrs. Jessop was hospitable, was generous, and had the nicest taste in social matters. With her means, no doubt, she could have entertained lavishly, but she reciprocated the hospitalities of Sudbury in the Sudbury way—a cup of tea in the drawing-room, with music, conversation and cards subsequently, and a sandwich and a glass of wine in the bedroom for ladies who stayed late and had far to go, and toddy and biscuits handed round for the gentlemen.

The pretty house and Mrs. Jessop's conciliatory manners made these parties very popular, so that her invitations were only declined under pressure of death or irremediable disaster. No doubt the lady had a secret and sorrowful page in her history; but if she chose to keep it to herself the village had no right to be resentful.

Every one liked to call on Mrs. Jessop and have a chat, she was so sympathetic, so sure to be interested in any local charity; indeed, not one of her tea-parties failed to be followed by several afternoon teas, when her guests came back to tell her how hospitable she had been.

By-and-by it began to be noticed that one person called two or three times after Mrs. Jessop's parties, and stayed much longer than was altogether polite if you went by etiquette, and this was the curate, Mr. Garthorpe, a young man no longer, as curates ought to be, but a man who had somehow been overlooked when preferment went to others. It always pained Sudbury to think that Mr. Garthorpe was quite twenty years older than the vicar, but as this did not depress the good man himself, it would not have been in good taste to condole with him.

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The curate was a large, fair man, with handsome features, a little coarsened by time and reddened by an outdoor life; he had an abundance of grayish-auburn hair, that had a ripple in it and was worn long, and he dressed with a careless clericalism that seemed to say his dandy days were over and he did not care who knew it.

In Sudbury the curate's want of youth did not matter, because among the better-class residents the absence of youth was a conspicuous circumstance. Indeed, there were times when the curate would have liked to be old enough to be indifferent to female society, or to be fearless of having intentions mistakenly attributed to his small courtesies.

Mr. Garthorpe would have much enjoyed an hour's chat now and then with Miss Grey or Miss Blyth; but these ladies, though elderly, lived at home with their relatives, and had mothers or sisters who somehow always impressed it on him that he was expected soon to declare his feelings.

Mrs. Jessop was differently circumstanced. She was no older than Miss Blyth, but she had seen more, had been married and widowed, and was therefore less fanciful and emotional. She was not likely to misunderstand friendly intercourse, and she had no relatives to gossip over his civilities—the civilities he liked to confer on all women.

Therefore, Mr. Garthorpe called a good many times at Mrs. Jessop's; indeed, called so often, and stayed so long now and then, that Mrs. Jessop had got into the habit of regarding one particular seat in the elegant drawing-room as Mr. Garthorpe's chair.

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"I come so often because I cannot have a chat otherwise," he explained once. "Other people can have the pleasure of entertaining you, but a single man, with a housekeeper who has ways of her own, is excluded from the delight of hospitality."

Mrs. Jessop assured Mr. Garthorpe that he was always heartily welcome, could not come too often, was really kind to take pity on her loneliness; she liked to feel she had real friends at Sudbury, she had been so long without that assurance.

"I suppose you have not had a settled home lately?"

"Not for twenty years," Mrs. Jessop answered; whereat Mr. Garthorpe surmised privately that the late Mr. Jessop must have been in the Army. Nothing else could explain a roving life so well.

"A life of continued travel must be wearisome after a time," he said, leaning his elbows on the arms of his favorite chair.

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Mrs. Jessop assented. "When one is young, one fancies that travel will be an enlargement, but you must live among people if you want to penetrate beneath their surfaces."

"I hope Sudbury has not disappointed you?" the curate said tenderly.

"Not at all. I seem to have taken root here," she answered, smiling.

Mr. Garthorpe was pensive as he walked home that afternoon, and he sighed distinctly and audibly as he crossed his hearthstoned threshold and entered his chill, oil-clothed hall. There was no grace, no comfort about a home that had not a lady in it. This thought had only recently penetrated the good man's consciousness, for the house he had occupied for a quarter of a century was no less graceful than when his dear Matilda quitted it eighteen years before. Like Mrs. Jessop, Mr. Garthorpe had had matrimonial experiences, and, like Mrs. Jessop, he talked very little about them now.

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When at confession with himself, the curate knew that it was not faithfulness to his lost Matilda that had kept him a widower so long. This was the accredited opinion in the parish, but it was erroneous. Confessing to his own heart, the curate knew he had not been altogether happy as a Benedict. Matilda was a good woman, but she was not interesting, and she was not picturesque.

As he admitted this he glanced up at the piece of needlework framed and glazed above the mantelpiece. He remembered that she had worked it during the period of their engagement—that engagement which he had made during an idle summer and kept as a point of honor, though Matilda never knew the latter fact. There are men who would sacrifice themselves consciously, and make of their sacrifice a martyrdom for the other person, but the curate had not done that.

Mrs. Garthorpe had been quite happy during her brief married life, and her last words, as he knelt beside her watching the light die out of her thin face, were, "I suppose our life together was too good to last long." That was eighteen years ago. Now for the first time, after eighteen years of solitude, the curate thought he would like to see a loving woman's eyes look fondly on him again.

He was not young, certainly not, but neither was Mrs. Jessop; no person could consider their marriage unsuitable on that ground—always provided it came to marriage. No doubt the lady might object, but Mr. Garthorpe did not seriously think that she would do so. He had the good opinion of himself that beseems a popular man in holy orders. And if they married, they would be certain to get on well together.

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Mrs. Jessop was a most yielding, gentle, womanly woman; she would never wish to dominate him as Matilda had done.

A youth falls in love for love's sake; a middle-aged man is prone to fall in love for the sake of peace and comfort. Before six months had elapsed, the curate was consciously attracted by the new parishioner.

Now, Mrs. Jessop was not altogether blind to Mr. Garthorpe's overtures, which at first she might have been supposed to encourage in a diffident way. She smiled, and sometimes blushed at his approach. She never seemed to find the time spent in his society too long, or any opinion that he enunciated characterized by anything else but the profoundest wisdom. But after a time her manner underwent a change; she avoided meeting him; instead of blushing she turned pale at his approach; more than once her parlor-maid declared she was not at home when Mr. Garthorpe knew he had seen her through the window.

The curate was nonplussed; he was even piqued. In all his life before no woman had ever fled at his approach, and if this one kept doing so he was bound to know the reason why. Had he been a more impetuous man he would have had the matter out by letter, but Mr. Garthorpe was experienced enough to know that in great crises letters should not be resorted to if it is possible to avoid them; they only explain a portion of our meaning, which a look, a smile, would modify or alter altogether.

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When two people live in the same village, the one can only avoid the other within certain limits. Twice Mr. Garthorpe had been turned from Mrs. Jessop's door with a polite "Not at home"; the third time, finding the front door slightly ajar, he simply walked in unannounced.

The lady was in the drawing-room, and was rearranging some bracket ornaments. When the curate stepped into her presence she dropped one of these, and it was broken into fragments. This might not have seemed propitious, as the ornament was a costly one, but Mr. Garthorpe was not timid.

"This comes of living too much alone," he said; "one becomes afraid even of a harmless man." He picked up the broken pieces and laid them on the table, then he took one of Mrs. Jessop's hands and led her to a seat. "You are trembling," he said.

"I have not been quite well lately," she faltered nervously.

"Neither have I. Perhaps if we talked a certain subject over we might both feel better," he said.

"I must beg you not to say anything that will spoil our friendship," the lady replied, with some dignity.

"Why should it spoil our friendship? I think it might make us better friends than ever. To know that I like you much, how can that make you dislike me?"

"I don't dislike you," Mrs. Jessop said.

"Then why have you avoided me lately? Is it because you know I love you? If you cannot love me, say so. I would rather know the worst than be kept on tenterhooks. At my age I have not time to waste in that way, you see," he added ruefully.

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Mrs. Jessop began to cry. The curate took that as a hopeful sign; he came closer to her. "We are neither of us as young as we once were, but I am far from admitting that the best of our days are over," he said. "Much prospective happiness has come into my life since I made your acquaintance, and many thoughts of how beautiful we might together render the world for each other. Could we not make my dreams real by—loving each other in a better way?"

"It can never, never be," Mrs. Jessop said, with trembling firmness.

Mr. Garthorpe's face grew very grave. "I know I have asked a great deal, have been over-bold, perhaps, but we are both so lonely that I thought we might——"

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"It is not that I dislike you," the lady said in a low voice.

"Then what is it?"

"I have a—a secret." She looked up with a certain pallid courage that made the curate's heart stand still.

"I don't suppose the secret is very formidable," he said, with a half-hearted laugh. And then a certain awe stole over him. "Perhaps your husband is still alive?"

"No, it is not that."

"Then what is it?"

"Mr. Garthorpe, we had better leave it; it is my own secret, my own—sorrow," the lady said, with some dignity. "Our lives need never converge, and therefore it will never harm you nor make you ashamed."

The curate extended his hand with a generous movement. "If you care for me I shall not be afraid of any secret of yours," he said, and then his heart failed him a little. "I am sure that it is nothing disgraceful," he added anxiously.

"I call it disgraceful now," she faltered. "I did not so regard it once; it is only

MRS. BROWN CAME BACK WITH A LITTLE FLUTTER OF INTEREST IN HER BEARING

since I began to think of telling you that I have fully realized what I have done."

"For the sins of others I would not hold you responsible," the curate said slowly.

"The sin is my own."

The man drew a long breath. He was in love—yes, certainly in love with this middle-aged woman, who, even in her tears, had a certain sweet grace about her, but——

"We can always be friends," he said slowly; "no worse for the hope we have had, if less happy for the hope we may not pursue. If there had been no obstacle, could you have cared for me?"

"Yes." Her hands were clasped in her lap, and for the first time he noticed that she had removed her wedding ring. "When I thought you were beginning to like me—in that way—you will never be able to understand the bitterness of my tardy repentance. I have prayed, but it makes no difference."

"Help does not always come immediately," he said hurriedly.

"And I have asked for guidance. I have gone to the Bible, on my knees, seeking advice, but this was all I found—'And Bezaleel made the ark of shittim-wood: two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it'!" At this she gave a hysterical laugh that hurt him like a stab from a knife.

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"Let us not talk of it; let us put the beautiful might-have-been away from us," he said; "let us be good friends again, forgetting that you have anything to confess."

"I have not confessed yet."

"No, don't; it would only distress us both."

"No; it will relieve me to tell you. I have never been a married woman."

"How? What!"

"There was no Mr. Jessop."

"I don't think I understand what you mean," the curate said fretfully, as he took his handkerchief and wiped his damp face.

"I am not a married woman. I am not a widow. I am Miss Jessop—not Mrs." Here she burst into stifling sobs. "I never had a chance of caring for any one when I was young, and I never thought any one would care for me at my age, and to be an old maid puts one at a disadvantage. A rich old maid seems an anomaly; people imagine she must have had a history and a disappointment. I felt it more and more as I grew older, till I said, 'I shall pretend I have been married like another. I will call myself Mrs. Jessop.' I am sure people have treated me more deferentially since."

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The curate was smiling now.

"And do you think very badly of me?" she went on tremulously.

"Not if you will give me leave to think very well of you."

She drew a long breath. "It is such a relief that you know," she said. "While I was traveling about it never mattered; but here, where every one asked about my husband, and wanted to see his photograph, oh! you cannot imagine how dreadful it was!"

"In the future show them my photograph," Mr. Garthorpe said, and then he laughed. "After all, there is some comfort in the thought that I shall be your first love."

The banns were published in a remote parish, and to this day Sudbury has never been able to elucidate the mystery connected with Mrs. Garthorpe's first marriage.

THE CURATE

A DEAL WITH SPAIN

THE RECORD-BREAKING CARGO OF THE MARIA BAXTER

BY JOHN ARTHUR BARRY WITH DRAWINGS BY HARRISON FISHER

THE Maria 'll have to go into dock this trip, Mr. Baxter," remarked Captain Jarvis to his owners; "her seams are openin', knees loose from her ribs, an' strained a goodish bit, too. By rights, the copper ought to come off her."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the elder of a pair of stout, clean-shaven, moon-faced men, who sat in a grimy office fronting the wharves of Port Waratah, in New South Wales; "d'ye want to ruin the firm? You skippers seem to think that Baxter Brothers is only another name for Rothschilds. Dock be hanged! She'll run another couple o' years yet. An' look here, Jarvis, you came down this time nearly a hundred ton too short. Don't let that happen again, please. You're a single man, you know, and when our agent up yonder, who's got his instructions, says 'Let it rip,' don't you interfere, but just keep her under them chutes till he says it's a fair thing. An' meanwhile, you keep on thinkin' o' this big pile o' letters," and Uriah Baxter, taking a handful of docketed papers out of a pigeon-hole, thrust them under Jarvis' nose.

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"There," he continued, "those are applications for billets from men with wives and families, that'd jump at the chance. Likewise, you might as well bear in mind, when a deck load's mentioned, that you're still workin' a dead horse. Roomatic fever's a lugsury for coastin' skippers. And Uriah and his brother James chuckled heartily.

Captain Jarvis was a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a rugged, bearded face, upon whose bronze sat here and there patches of coal dust from the just-discharged cargo. Some months ago, during a severe attack of illness, he had borrowed money from his employers, at heavy interest, in advance of wages, with which to pay the doctor's bill.

And now his eyes flashed angrily as he retorted: "Aye, and if it weren't for that same dead horse, I'd see you and your old coffin further afore I'd sail her any more! Nice pair you are, to talk about puttin' a married man into a rotten tub like her! For two pins I'd set Lloyd's surveyor on to the Maria and the rest o' the precious fleet. Yah!" And the skipper spat coal dust and tobacco on to the black office floor.

"Seventy-five pounds, ten shillings and sixpence first, Captain," remarked the junior partner, who had been consulting a ledger, "and then you can do as you please about that. We only want our advance—and interest—back again, eh, Uriah?"

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"Oh, that's all," snarled his brother. "Now get away, do, and to sea as fast as you like! An' don't let's have any shortage next trip. An' don't you be worryin' about docks and surveyors."

"Seventy-five pounds!" muttered the Captain in a tone of angry dismay as he stepped out on to the wharf. "Great Scott! at seven pounds a month I'll never get out of their blasted claws. It wouldn't take much—only for the other chaps—to make me sink the old barge. An' that'd be no loss to Baxters. You bet she's fully covered. Cargo! I'll cargo her this time. Catch me stopping 'em. Let 'em pile it into her up to her crosstrees—the sailor-killing brutes!"

Thus it happened that when, in a week or so, the Maria Baxter drew from under the Newcastle chutes, she was not only stowed full to the hatches with some eighteen hundred tons of coal, but in addition carried a deck load of three or four hundred tons in bags. Also, she showed no freeboard worth mentioning. This made the mate protest.

"Mein grashious!" said he; "we vos schwamp like a dinky-boat dis trip if we get any vedder."

"Oh, go to the deuce!" said Captain Jarvis, in a state of chronic irritation and anger; "if you want your discharge, why don't you say so at once?" and the submissive Swede protested no more.

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As for the four men in the fo'c's'le who, together with the cook, made up the Maria's company, if they cast dubious glances over what side there was left, they kept their thoughts to themselves. Seamen were more than plentiful, and spare bunks very scarce. And, anyhow, it was only a short run. And the weather looked like keeping fine.

"A big record load, skipper," remarked the boss of the trimming gang, grinning. "Hang me if I'd go with ye if ye paid me! Hope your life's insured."

"'Tain't, then," replied the Captain shortly. "But Maria's is; eh, Mr. Snape?"

"S'pose so," replied the agent carelessly. "Don't forget I told you you could have had ten tons less on deck if you pleased."

"Ten tons!" exclaimed Jarvis, laughing sarcastically. "Wouldn't you like a passage round? It'll do your liver good. I guess you'd better come along with us."

"No, thanks," replied the other, casting a disparaging glance at the poor old brig. "I prefer to travel by rail, not in Black Maria," and with a laugh at his sally he closed his book and sauntered off.

Of her companions, the Uriah, Rachel and James Baxter, all old, worn-out brigs engaged in the coal trade between Port Waratah and Newcastle, the Maria was, perhaps, the oldest, most unseaworthy, grimiest and worst found. Eight-and-thirty years ago, in her comparative youth, and before there were any plantations to speak of in Queensland or on the Clarence, she had been in the sugar trade between Mauritius and the Australian Colonies. Since then, many owners had taken her in hand, and she had sailed to "the Islands" for copra, to the "Rivers" for maize and lumber, Southabout for spuds, Northabout for sleepers, to Malden for guano, Lord Howe for whale oil and bananas; and from her birth to the present time there had always been applied to her the opprobrious name of "slug."

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Then, as the toilsome years went by, developing a decided partiality for letting salt water in on the property intrusted to her care, she fell lower and lower in the social shipping scale, until at last, long "off the letter" at Lloyd's, strained, decayed, she had been purchased by the Baxters for a song, and set to the inevitable destiny of the pauper vessel—"collliering."

Look at her now, as she clears "Nobby's" on her sixty-mile trip down the coast: her patched and blackened sails set to a fair wind; her rail almost awash in the slight swell; her standing rigging bare and brown for lack of tar and chafing mats; her running-gear thick with coal dust; her mast and yards coated with it, and the smoke from the donkey-engine that stands amidships black and grimy like all the rest of her. Above the rail are piled bags of coal four tiers high; the crew have to crawl over and between them to get to their den down for'ard. The cook simply reaches out of the galley door when he wants any fuel. Undermanned and overloaded, she squatters lifelessly along, with creaking of ungreased parrels and rusty sheaves aloft, and on deck a continuous grinding murmur as the coal is shaken into place.

"Blow gently, mein sweet goot vind," murmurs the black mate at the wheel, turning anxious regards from the sky to the scarcely less black skipper, who paces the little poop, puffing moodily at a short black pipe, and pausing now and again to kick a lump of coal away from under his feet.

On the fo'c's'le-head four apparent negroes are having their evening meal. The tea carries on its surface a thin film of black dust, and the white loaf shows black stencilings of broad fingers and thumbs. It's of no use washing in that trade. Besides, it's said that coal dust is not altogether unhealthy.

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"The ole girl 'as got a load this time, right enough," remarks one thoughtfully, spitting out some grains of coal.

"Loaded up on 'er back as well," replies another, nodding toward the pile of cargo. "There'll be old Ned to pay if a southerly buster catches us! Ole man stacked it into 'er proper, didn't 'e?"

"'E's got 'is rag out this trip 'bout somethin'," continues the first speaker. "'E's been doin' nothin' but cussin' since we left.

"FOR TWO PINS I'D SET LLOYD'S SURVEYOR ON TO THE MARIA"

Now, Bill, your turn to relieve that Dutch mate ov ours, soon's ye've finished stuffin'!"

And so they talked as they mumbled their soaked crusts and wagged dusky beards that would otherwise have shown gray from the monotony and hardships of their lives. Ancient men who, unable any longer to stand the hard fare of the "lime-juicers" or deep-water British ships they had most of their lives been accustomed to, had perforce taken to the last resource of the nearly played-out sailor—a coasting collier.

Meanwhile, the old "sixty-miler" flopped along, a black blot against the purple glory that the dying sun flung across the sky from behind the dark shadows of the broken country at the back of Macquarie Lakes.

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"I s'pose she's a goner?" remarked Uriah Baxter to his brother a week later.

"'Spec' so," replied James. "Strange, though, ain't it, that nothin's come ashore from her? They've got lots of stuff out of the others. Can't have weathered it, eh?"

"Would your grandmother have weathered it in a basket?" asked Uriah contemptuously. "Still, it's unfortunate there's no wreckage. The offices won't pay for a while. Seem to fancy she's got blown away out to sea, an' may turn up yet," and he grinned.

"Nevertheless," he continued solemnly, "they'll have to settle in full sooner or later. That poor Jarvis! He was a good fellow! An' we parted almost in anger!"

"Not on our side, Uriah," said James.

"The Lord be praised for that!" replied Uriah with fervor. "A good man, too!

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, A Deal with Spain, is copyrighted by John Arthur Barry.

Snape said he never saw such a pile of stuff as the Maria took. An' the Captain all the time singing out for more against Snape's wishes. Very evidently the fellow wanted to make up for his rudeness by a record cargo. Well, well; at least, there's no married men amongst 'em. An' that's a cut above what any of the others can say, it seems to me."

"I suppose we must write off Jarvis' debt?" asked James, turning to his ledger.

"Just let it appear as a debit balance, James," sighed Uriah.

"Progress payment on wages account. Actually we're in pocket by the poor man. But it is as well to be business-like. One never knows what time inquisitive people may turn up. Let's be mighty thankful there's no widows and orphans howling for subscriptions around our office."

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But there were plenty elsewhere about the town; for a furious *hurricane* had suddenly swept up from the south, then, veering all at once to the east, had piled half a dozen coasters and a score of their hands in dismal wrecks and corpses upon many beaches between Cape Byron and the Heads of Port Waratah. And every one of the lost vessels was identified except the Maria, of whom, as yet, not a solitary chip could be found.

"Bottom fell out and she went down like a stone," "Opened out like a wool bale when the hoops break," was what the general opinion of those who knew the "poor old slug" amounted to. And presently all doubts were set at rest by the discovery on Cronulla Beach of the battered and grimy dolphin that had served as a figurehead ever since she was first launched under that name; also, there washed ashore part of the stern of a decayed longboat with "Maria Ilax——" upon it.

Soon the insurance people paid all up, and with a portion of the money Baxter Brothers bought an old Norwegian brig at auction, and after cleaning her bottom and spending a fiver on putty and paint and oakum, installed her in place of the lost Maria, whose very name was forgotten by the public in a week, because of far more stirring happenings than the foundering of a "sixty-miler" and a few sailors.

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"Jansen," remarked Captain Jarvis to his mate, as, abreast of Bungaree Norah Head, looming big to starboard, they braced the Maria's yards to a light sou'-wester; "Jansen, it's going to blow like the old scratch afore mornin'! An' I believe it'll come from the east'ard presen'ly in a regular snorter. If it does, Jansen, an' catches us here, you'll never see that fat Dutch sweetheart o' yours at the fish shop in Erskine Street any more. We'll go ashore and break up in a quarter less'n no time! I've got a touch o' them roomatics again to-night; an' I notice ever since I was down with 'em, that an easterly's bound to come with the pains. Square away, Jansen, an' let's get out to sea. It's the safest place for us. If we were near enough to Broken Bay I'd run in and avoid any risk, but we haven't a show with the wind as it is. Port fore braces there! Put the helm up!"

So the Maria, turning her square stern to the land, surged out boldly into the Pacific, making such an offing that, ere the sun rose above the horizon and cast a sickly, yellow light over the water, Australia had completely vanished from their sight; and before another watch passed the correctness of the skipper's barometer (the only one on board) was proved by their meeting that same easterly gale that was presently to work such woe along the distant coast.

Hove to under her lower foretopsail, the Maria sagged wearily to leeward, taking lots of water on board, but otherwise behaving herself quite decently, and as if pleased that no exertion was required of her. Every watch she had to be pumped, and then the black streams from her well, mingling with the black streams that poured away from her deck cargo, gushed through the scuppers till the big combers upon which she listlessly rose and fell were of the hue of ink.

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The weather was dull and gloomy, with a low-lying heavy sky. The wheel was lashed and the decks deserted, save for the cook, who in his galley kept warm and snug. In the fo'c's'le the men lay in their bunks, and by turns dozed uneasily, and smoked, and grumbled at the black tricklings that came through the working seams overhead and were flung from side to side in showers with each uneasy roll of the brig. A double spouted kerosene lamp, with naked wicks, swung and spluttered amidships.

Great cockroaches, disturbed by the water, came out of their refuges and crawled about the bulkheads and over the black and frowsy bedding. On the floor a thick, slimy, black miniature wave rushed ever to and fro. Suddenly the scuttle was thrust aside, and the mate's voice bawled, "Now, den, eight bells! Pomp chip!" And with surly groans of "Aye, aye," the four crawled slowly and deliberately out of their bunks, got into their dirty, ragged oilskins, and crawled up the greasy ladder into the night of wind and water, and felt their tedious way to the wheezy, old, overworked pumps.

Aft, near the wheel, motionless stood the skipper, sparks from his pipe streaming over the rail, listening to the monotonous clink-clank of the iron brakes working to the accompaniment of a chanty crooned by one of the old men, and joined in by the others in a half-hearted way when it came to the familiar chorus of

> "Oh, wake her; oh, shake her!
> Oh, wake her up from down below!
> Do, my Johnnie, do!"

"Do, mein Yonnie, do," grunted the mate, putting his weight impartially on each brake till the long-drawn throaty gurgle at last proclaimed that the pumps "sucked"—*i. e.*, that there was not enough water in the well for them to get hold of.

"There'll be ships' bones along the beaches to-night, Jansen," said Jarvis; "but we've saved the old barge, and a lot of thanks we'll get for it. The worst of the blow's over. My pains is going with it. If it hadn't been for those poor old chaps for'ard, an', well, yes, you, too, and that fat gal o' yours, I'd just as soon she'd been piled up like those others is bound to be. Let her lie as she is till daylight, and then we'll get the canvas on her an' run in for the nearest land we can find."

Sunrise found wind and sea going down rapidly; showed also to those on the brig, a mile or so away, a great white war steamer coming very slowly toward them from the eastward. Smoke was issuing from only one of her triple funnels; she carried two masts with military tops, and a great gun poked half its length out of a sort of semi-*circular fort for'ard*, while her tall sides bristled with smaller cannon.

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"She ain't one of our lot from Farm Cove,"* said the skipper, ogling her through an old pair of binoculars; "foreigner o' some sort, I s'pose. Aye, aye, Jansen, both tawpa'ls an' the main t'g'nas'l. Let's get home out of this. We'll have Uriah and James sacking the crowd unless we hurry. Now, what flag's that? and what does he want hoisting the whole code at us that way. He might have saved enough to know that collier brigs don't carry more bunting than'll make their number. We can't stop."

By this time the Maria's sails had been sheeted home, and the stranger, seeing no notice taken of her signals, and the brig actually drawing away from her, fired a gun to leeward, hauled down the bright string of flags, and lowering the first one she had hoisted to half mast, lay with her way stopped, and all the huge mass of her rolling solemnly to the swell of the long seas.

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"Now, what the deuce does she mean by that?" asked the bewildered skipper of the Maria. "What sort of distress can she be in, anyhow? Well, well, back your foreyards there, Jansen. Fancy a great thumpin' man-o'-war wantin' help from a poor, rotten old sieve of a collier like the Maria!"

As Jarvis bent on and ran up to the peak a grimy old British ensign, with its fly all in tatters, the man at the wheel, who had been eyeing the warship very intently, all at once said, "That there's the Spanish flag, Captin'—the Navy flag. There's no makin' any mistake about that. I seen it afore in Manila when I was goin' deep water. Red, yaller, red again, an' a rampin' lion sparrin' at a cassle. I kin see it quite plain now."

*The bay in Sydney Harbor where the Auxiliary and Imperial Squadrons always lie.

"Well, what about it, Sam?" replied the skipper, belaying the signal halyards.

"Why, you know the Yanks an' the Dagoes is at war," said Sam, "an' this might be what they calls a roose to get 'old on us. Evident 'er's run outer coal—not as much left as n'd carry her another foot to save 'er bloomin' life. An'——"

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"By jingo, I'd clean forgot all about any war!" exclaimed the skipper rather gloomily, as he caught sight of a large boat full of men rowing toward the brig with the deliberate stroke of Southern Europe—pull and pause, pause and pull. "But there," he continued, squinting up at the torn, dirty ensign flapping overhead, "that's the British flag, and we're British subjects, sailin' to and from British ports. An', anyhow, what harm can they do us? Like enough they'll buy our deck load. Chuck over the ladder there for 'em, one of you."

Out of the boat, as she swung alongside, there presently nimbly clambered an officer in blue and gold uniform, mustached and dark. Gaining the deck, he paused a moment to inspect his white gloves, the palms of which were smothered in coal dust from the ladder-ropes. Then, with a smile, as if well satisfied, he cast a comprehensive glance around at the prevailing darkness, and aloft at the tattered ensign, and, removing his peaked and gold-braided cap, bowed politely to Jarvis, standing close to with both of his hands in the pockets of his pilot jacket.

"Coal?" he remarked, waving his arms, and showing a set of perfect teeth as he smiled conciliatingly.

"Aye, aye, *moonsheer*," replied Jarvis, "lots of it. Newcastle to Waratah. D'ye want to buy a few ton C. O. D.? Of course, the figure'll be higher than if ye was gettin' it straight from the mine. But——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the other eagerly. "We buy all—all! I understand. Cas' pay. You come alongside. All buy. Plenty money. Englis' sov'ren—no silver. Big price. You sell quick? Spanis' ship."

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For a minute Jarvis stared thoughtfully at the speaker, while he revolved in his mind the one chance of a lifetime. At present the advantage was all his. There lay the great war-dragon pathetically powerless, unable, without his help, to insure a single turn of her screw—at the mercy of the winds and waves. Certainly, if he squared away she could sink him. But that would be hardly likely. On the other hand, once alongside, he and his vessel were wholly in the power of the Spaniards.

Still, he fancied having heard or read somewhere that they were honorable people and thought a lot of their word. And that seventy-two pounds odd! Never, he knew well, would he be allowed to work that off. If he left the firm without asking leave, they would give him a "bad discharge," and that meant a return to the fo'c's'le again. Aft was squalid enough. But for'ard! His soul sickened at the thought of going through it all again. Yes, he'd chance it! He had nothing much to lose. However, he'd have some agreement in black and white to show for the business if it turned out "cronk."

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Thus it happened that in a few minutes Jarvis was possessed of a piece of paper signed by Don Miguel y Santos de Zarate, First Lieutenant of the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XIV, agreeing to take not only her cargo, but the Maria also, at a lump sum that came to something over £5 per ton for ship and coal together.

Jarvis' heart had sunk when he noted the pleased alacrity with which the Lieutenant agreed to his terms. No protest, no bargaining! Just a scrape and a flourish of the pen on the smudgy sheet of note paper! Could it be possible that any people in their senses would pay such an amount of money for what seemed to him of so little worth? Had he known that twice the sum would have been cheerfully given, the skipper would probably have had no such misgivings as now assailed him. Actually, he had been the salvation of the war-ship, whose bunkers were scraped clean, and who, having coaled just three months before in Singapore, was barred from Australian ports.

Very quickly a few bags of coal were bundled over into the boat. Then she went off to the cruiser; whence, presently, a steam-launch arriving, took the Maria in tow and pulled her alongside the Alfonso to the sound of much Spanish cheering.

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Previous to this, however, Jarvis called Jansen and the crew into the cabin.

"Look here," said he, speaking quick and sharp, "I've sold the whole turn-out to the Dagoes yonder.

"If they act square, and cash up, I'll give you four chaps an' the cook £200 each. Jansen, you'll get £300. Never mind what I get. That's my business. If they don't act square, why, you'll just have to take your chance, same as me. Are you satisfied?"

REMOVING HIS GOLD-BRAIDED CAP, THE SPANIARD BOWED POLITELY TO JARVIS

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JOHN ARTHUR BARRY

Is not a new writer, but until recently he has not been widely known in America. He belongs to that school of English writers who have knocked about in the four corners of the world, and found something worth writing about everywhere. But Mr. Barry's best stories are written of the sea and sailormen. That subject he knows from truck to keelson. Australia, too, is favorite, familiar ground with him, and some of his best stories are written of life in that colony.

The Great Deep, and Steve Brown's Bunyip, two volumes of tales having to do mostly with the sea, have given him a prominent place among the coming writers. His stories are characterized by great originality, humor and power.

They were. And they added their names as witnesses to the agreement already drawn up and signed by Jarvis and the Lieutenant.

"There, now," said the former grimly. "This bit of paper may help you to keep quiet tongues. An', anyhow, if you know when you're well off, you'll not be goin' back to Australia to spend your money. An' remember, if any one asks you, I'm master an' owner. How about the fat donah, Jansen?"

"I vas not give a hang as I nefer sees 'er no more, so let me gome by dat dree 'undred bound," replied the mate gleefully. "I vas go 'ome to Sundsvall, and lif all mein days like a yentlemans. Yah, Captain, I shance it mit der restd."

Like hawks, the Spaniards swooped upon the Maria with bags, baskets and tubs, working all three hatches at once, until, in forty-eight hours, she was an empty ship, swept and scraped clean to the last ounce of precious sodden coal around her limbers. Meanwhile, the Captain of the Alfonso had in his own stateroom paid Jarvis with bags of gold, each containing a thousand sovereigns, seeming to think his bargain cheap at the price, and cheerfully consenting to put the skipper and his crew as rescued castaway sailors on board the first British homeward-bound ship they should meet.

Thrusting the bruised and battered old Maria from her steel sides, the warship, once more a power, steamed off a couple of miles and began to use her six-inch guns in the port battery. The empty brig hulked high out of the water, her clewed-up sails bulging in black folds from the yards as she yawed hither and thither, coming to and falling off in a blind, bewildered sort of way. The first shell flew wide; the second burst just astern, throwing a great mound of water on her

HIS LAST FAVOR

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

By Hoffman Athinson
Drawings by Fred Lowenheim

THEY were decidedly a dirty pair of men. I don't know that they were dirtier than the rest of us, but they were not the sort of fellows their mothers would have talked to for five minutes without suggesting soap.

You see, when life becomes a matter of lying down at night, if you are lucky enough not to be on guard or picket duty, wherever your company line may happen to be, and that without reference to the weather or the condition of the ground; and of getting up at daylight and scrambling for a tin cup of field-made coffee, with some flint-like crackers, and, perhaps, a small chunk of salt fat pork; and then of falling in and marching all day to a similar camping-ground, with the same kind of morning following it, opportunities for making careful toilettes are few and far between.

When we came into the service, we carried knapsacks filled with changes of underclothes, and socks, and Bibles, and daguerreotypes of grandma, and a lot of other elegancies. Not only did they cut on the collar bone like the mischief, but they were a thing of scorn to the real soldier. Later, we laughed in our dirty philosophy as we remembered the pangs we felt at tossing them over the fence, when the whole regiment threw them away and set their teeth tight for that awfully long day's march, ending with a fight.

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Of course there were breaks in this marching all day and sleeping in the dirt at night. Occasionally we fought—generally on Sundays; Heaven knows why—and sometimes we had a few days in one resting-place, when the fellow who owned a piece of soap, if he were wise, used it before lending it. Then there were blissful days when we could get under shelter in some deserted house or outhouse; but, of course, the officers usually got these plums in the pudding. Still, to be fair about it, the officers had, taken as a class, to put up with pretty much what was going in the West.

So that explains why my two comrades were dirty. One of them, the younger, was a farmer's son who had been a fresh-faced, rather chubby lad when he joined us; but he was pretty lean by the fall of '62, and, instead of round, pink cheeks, he had flat, tan-colored jaws. The man he was talking with, his chum and "partner," was, perhaps, thirty years old.

He had been a frequent wanderer, and, I fancy, a shiftless ne'er-do-well. A smattering of every known trade was his, and a sublime impudence which made him quite equal to offering to build a cathedral or repair a chronometer. They were not bad types of volunteer soldiers, although their uniforms were much the worse for wear. Wear in campaigning means mud and grease, to say nothing of rents and burned holes. The attrition of genteel poverty doesn't show on a private's uniform.

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They were sitting on a low bank made by the road, and the younger man was fretting at his ungainly shoe and a sore place on the ankle where the sharp edge of the coarse, unbound Army leather had badly chafed the stockingless skin, and made every step cause him the greatest pain.

"I wish I could go barefoot, like I used to when I was a boy," he growled. "I'd feel better, and travel better."

Just then the bugles along the brigade sounded "Attention," and the soldiers slouched into their regular column formation, and stood awaiting orders. The mules in the wagons jingled their chains, as they moved, against the collar.

"Forward!" and the straggling, weary march began again, the men in front keeping a pretty even pace, but those in the rear having short, vexatious halts every time a hill, a patch of bad mud, or other obstacle rolled the ranks back on them; a tiny halt wave it would be at first, but it would grow larger and larger in proportion to the length of the column of soldiers.

If an infantryman hates and despises anything on the march, it is a cavalryman. Apart from the aggravation of seeing a fellow-soldier carried on a horse, there is the irritation of having to crowd half off the road to let a trooper pass in a cloud of dust; and the poor devil with his musket, his blanket rolled diagonally across his body, his canteen, haversack, and other burdens, sees a lazy loafer in the trooper who carries nothing of weight and makes good time with no greater exertion than that of jabbing spurs into his horse once in a while.

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Hence, the infantry assail the stray trooper with such remarks as these:

"We must be attacked from the rear, now the cavalry is going to the front!" "Can't trust the fools for sense 'less they're given a horse apiece to help out." "Speak low, boys, you'll frighten the cavalry." "See a dead cavalryman and look around for an honest sutler." Army volunteer jibes are sometimes pithy, never polite.

But the dreary, stumbling march over the worn mud roads that day was interrupted by a longer halt than usual, and then the spitting of musketry in front told that something was happening which promised to break the monotony.

"Howly smoke!" said a red-haired Irish private, unslinging a smoke-and-grease-defiled skillet which had been flapping against his back since daylight, "there's goin' to be a foight purty soon, fellers!"

Back galloped an aid-de-camp, a dandy boy, afraid of nothing but sour Generals and lame horses, and yelled something to our Colonel. Down went half a dozen panels of the rail fence on the left of the road, and the leading company jumped through the gap, the column following. The regiment through and in the field, swung diagonally "left into line," and the rear companies shed everything but guns as they ran forward faster than mere double-quick.

As the line was at right angles to the road and going toward the cedars at the top of the field, bang! bang! came from the top of the slope, and we saw through the trees a few mounted men riding away like mad. A few shots were wasted after them, and we were where they had fired from.

The ridge sloped down the other side, and in the valley, rising to higher ground opposite, our skirmishers were already at work. It was rather jolly to get a few minutes' halt here, and to see the detached puffs of smoke way down below, while we ourselves were safe and sound!

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"Looks pooty to see fellows shootin' when you don't have to take it yerself, don't it?"

"You bet; but the way things look, some luckier fellows will soon be watching us giving exhibitions down there ourselves, and that won't be so nice, eh!"

Bugles were calling, aids galloping, mounted officers passing back of the lines, while the men were bringing cartridges to the front of their belts, re-tying shoes, and generally getting ready for the "fuss." A little fun was passing here and there as a recruit was chaffed or some country wag made a joke. Officers repressed this and looked serious.

"Forward!" and off the men started down the slope, trying with indifferent success to keep the line, broken so frequently by stumps and dead trunks and small gullies. We passed where the skirmishers were shooting—the firing sounding heavier from our right. Two men had to be stepped around; one dead, flat on his back, hands clenched, one knee drawn up, and sightless eyeballs staring at the clouds. "He's got his medicine." The other composedly waiting for some one to help him to the rear. He had managed to bandage clumsily his shin, and his hands and clothes were bloody.

"What's up, boss?"

"Cussed rebel liked to blowed the whole leg off me. Don't guess I caught it anywhere else—leastways, don't feel it. Watch out for 'em. They're wicked this morning." And we stumbled on and left him.

Right across our front rumbled a battery of brass field-pieces on a dead run, up hill as it was. The horses, with bowed heads, lashed into a gallop, seemed to jerk the pieces forward at each stride, and the guns careened and bounced so that it was a miracle how the artillerymen kept their seats on the caissons. Something like a cheer went up from our line, for it was a regular battery, and volunteer infantry feel toward regular artillery as a big man with his fists feels toward a small man with a pistol who comes over on his side in a row.

Just as we reached the top of the slope we caught it. From the fence on the line of the timber ahead a volley was poured into us. In an instant every man was down. Some couldn't get up until they were lifted. A riderless horse, crazed with fear, galloped, tail in the air, right through us as we rose firing and went at the fence. Every one was firing now, mostly too high, and the "Johnnies" behind the fence gave as good as they got—that's certain.

There was no time to spare to count noses yet, even if the smoke allowed it. Officers swore and waved their swords, men yelled and went ahead blindly, until the fence was reached, and a few desperate devils who wouldn't go back clubbed or jabbed with the bayonet until they quit fighting and—we had carried the position in spite of the furious and stubborn opposition they had given us. We were victors.

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Then, to straighten the lines, close up, and await the next orders; for the work had only just begun.

"Where's Joe?"

"Back there; think he caught it in the lungs. See him spittin' a power of blood as he dropped."

"The Colonel's on foot. I see him a-wringin' his paw, and the blood sprinklin' around—got his knuckles cracked, likely."

"Some of our fellows must be dodgin'. This ain't all that's left of our company. Surely there must be a lot more somewhere. Here comes one of 'em. Surely there must be a lot more somewheres. Hello, Shorty! Thought you'd wait till we got to a tavern, did you?"

"Hold on, boys! I tried to save the Captain. No use. He's down for good. Got any water? My canteen's busted. Hole right through it." And he exhibited a battered canteen, with the ragged tin edge of a bullet-hole showing over its soiled brown cloth cover.

"Bill, where's your gun?"

"Some awkward cuss knocked it out of my hands as we got up to charge. Like enough it's ruined. Lieutenant, I want to go back and get me a gun. I'm no use here without one, and was an idiot to come up barehanded; but I wouldn't like any one to say I flinched."

Useless to tell how the battle raged, how at times it seemed as if the lines ahead of us were too stiff to get through; how each charge by us or on us left fewer men and officers; how we fought at times in companies where we were comparative strangers—always finding our own again, and always finding fewer men in it; how madly the few water courses crossed were drunk from, all muddy and defiled as they were; how a fellow wanted to smoke until his mouth and throat ached; how our last halt for the day proved, after all, to be our resting-place for the night, little as we suspected it; and how that day was so long that the events of the morning seemed like old things passed a year ago. But the log fires, with scanty rations saved, and a pipe of niggerhead tobacco brought peace to those unhurt or not attending to the wounded. At such times there is no consolation which is so satisfying as that derived from a pipe.

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In a log hut, a mile in the rear of the last position carried, were lanterns and groans. All the floor was cumbered with resting figures, and, at a crude table in each room, officiated what had been a surgeon in the morning, but, gore-bespattered, grim, and with all the human sympathy splashed out by human blood, was a butcher to-night.

A hospital steward with assistants would remove the last burden from the table and substitute another, groaning, perhaps, but often strangely quiet, though great drops of beaded sweat might stand on the temples and the teeth be clenched until the jaw muscles stood out rigid as stone. Most of the boys were true grit clean through, and bore their terrible suffering like the brave men they were.

To this temporary field hospital came the Colonel—not for aid for his bandaged hand: that was an episode; his wounded men were calamities. To the once chubby farmer's son, lying one of a row on the floor, came the Colonel, speaking kindly: "Why, Charlie, I knew you were hurt, but thought it was only a scratch. How badly are you hit?"

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"Well, Colonel, they took my foot off; but," with a weak chuckle, "I got a joke on the doctor, anyhow. The foot he's left me is as sound as a nut, and the one he tuck off wasn't worth much, anyhow. It had two corns on it that had been pestering me ever since I enlisted, an' there was something like a bunion coming on it, too. So I ain't near as bad off as I might be. But, Colonel, I'm afraid it lets me out of the regiment. I suppose there's nothing for it but to stay home like one o' the old women home-guards, or to enlist again as a cussed cavalryman. That's what disgraces me."

It doesn't matter what the Colonel said about one of his boys being disgraced; but it made the lad feel the worse for the loss of his foot and his place in the regiment.

Could the Colonel get anything for the wounded one?

Well, if he could get a few ripe apples, seemed as if they would taste good and cool.

Next day, a foraging party took the boy's chum as one of its members, all-mindful of the boy's longing for apples.

The Sergeant warned him that, like as not, some of the bushwhackers were still hanging around just such places as that orchard on the hillside, and that he'd better look out.

He was careful, so careful that when there appeared above the rail fence a shock head, surmounted by a dark slouch hat with the bushwhackers' sign of a square white paper on it, the boy's partner promptly sent a minnie ball crashing through it—that is, through the head; the aim was just below the hat—and went on seeking a few more apples. He had determined to go back to the forage wagons, when a second bushwhacker fired at him. As he wheeled about, he caught part of the contents of a second barrel, buckshot loaded. A rapid run soon brought him up to his party.

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"The fellow plugged you in the face," said the Sergeant. "Lucky he carried one o' them shotguns. If he'd a had a rifle he'd have snuffed you out."

"I reckon," replied the apple bearer, smearing the blood from his cheek, and crawling on to one of the wagons.

Reaching camp, he bore his apples to the hospital, now arranged in some semblance of order, with large tents surrounding the log slaughter-house. He asked the orderly to let him carry his handful of fruit in to his wounded chum.

"See the doctor; no one can't go in 'lest he says so."

"Hello," said the doctor; "how did you get hurt?"

"Guerilla salted me with a double barr'led shot gun. 'Tain't the face, doctor, it's something here," opening his blouse and gray flannel shirt and pointing to a tiny hole and a few drops of blood just below his hairy chest.

"The deuce!" said the Surgeon, scrutinizing it; "I suppose you know it's mortal?"

"So I allow," said the chum simply; "but Charlie's bound to have his apples all the same. See't he gets 'em," and he sat down quietly to await the change.

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Giving All Men Equal Opportunity

"GIVE all men equal opportunity to develop what is best in them" has a large, liberal sound. "Equal opportunity" has been hailed as a panacea for social evils. Sympathetic, right-feeling men and women, keenly alive to the sorrow, struggle and suffering of the world, feel there is something radically wrong with the social system. They believe that "equal opportunity" would bring about the ideal condition they desire.

All men are equal in the sight of the law, in their right to live, so long as they do not infringe on the rights of others, and in their right to possess the result of their labors. But beyond this, the law of inequality acts every moment of life. Beyond this, all men are unequal. Equality of opportunity is an impossibility. You can never successfully graft any system of artificial equality on the root of natural inequality.

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No human scheme can give equal opportunity to even a dozen children, for all are unequal in powers, in needs, in possibilities. To give all precisely the *same* opportunity would not be just, for all require different things. To give them *equal* opportunity would mean giving them unequal chances, for their needs are unequal. This, Nature already gives, and it is against this very basis of equal opportunity that man paradoxically protests, even while he clamors for it. Would it be giving equal opportunity to a lump of wax and a piece of clay to subject each to the same strong sunlight?

It is a short-sighted view of this claim for absolute equality in opportunity that shuts out the compensations of life by which Nature is constantly tending to equalize. The man who has had little education at school, learns all the earlier his practical lessons of life in the world. He loses with the one hand but clasps with the other. The man who has weak lungs cares for them, adjusts his life to them, and may live longer than his robust brother, whose confidence in the strength of his lungs makes him grow reckless. We sometimes say poor boys have no chance for wealth and success, but a recent, careful, analytical study of successful Americans shows that seventy per cent. of them entered upon business life between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, and many went to school but three or four months.

The cry, "I have not had a fair chance," is often the cry of weakness of those who *failed* in the battle of life, of those who were unprepared when opportunity came, who idly trusted to luck, who were unwilling to pay the price of success.

The subject of equality of opportunity is so multiform in its phases that but one or two sides of the question can here be considered. "Public schools are free to all, but many children are unable to attend them through their poverty." Such is the expression of one correspondent. "Men cannot enter the business they desire because of lack of opportunity," says another. "There is not equality of opportunity."

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Let us then study for a moment a community where human ingenuity arranges such a plan, and see into what constant injustice the creator of it must necessarily be betrayed.

No social reform based on equality can succeed, nor can it be consistent. The most full, complete and detailed of recent attempts was Mr. Bellamy's Looking Backward. It may be taken as a fair type of what equality seeks to do, for Mr. Bellamy was ingenious, minute and explicit in his scheme and clear in his presentation. What his plan presents fairly represents all schemes of equality.

Briefly stated, the scheme was that all property, excepting personal property, be held by the Government, that every citizen work for the State direct, that all business be in the hands of the State, and that all citizens receive precisely the same pay from the Government, whether they teach Sanskrit or blacken boots. The Government guarantees to clothe, feed and educate every one on this basis of equality of opportunity and give each his choice of occupation.

This system is but an elaborate artificial plan that places a premium on mediocrity. The plan of making all men go through the same training and work the same number of hours is unjust. It makes him who, by his own powers, can accomplish his livelihood in three hours a day, with the expenditure of perhaps three per cent. of nerve force, work six hours a day, and expend twenty-five per cent. nerve force, through an Alice-in-Wonderland scheme of equality that the weaker man is made stronger because the stronger is made weaker.

In order to justly carry out its system, such a nation must, of course, direct the life of its citizens, and Mr. Bellamy elaborates the time-table schedule of all the citizens. The limits of space permit but a glance at a few of the great injustices that come from this equality of opportunity. Where the *equality* is consistent there is injustice; when it is made just, it is by recognition, or rather betrayal into *inequality*.

Here are some phases of the labor questions. In this system of equality,

> "The class of common laborers is the grade to which all new recruits belong for the first three years of their service (from twenty-one to twenty-four years of age). It is not until after this period, during which he is assignable to any work at the discretion of his superiors, that the young man is allowed to elect a special avocation."

Can you imagine a more senseless, degrading slavery than this? Your individuality must be suppressed, every aspiration must be choked; for three years, the years of your fullest and brightest hope, you must work in this chain-gang as a common laborer. You may look at hands that should hold the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel with a divine power, close eyes gifted to look through a telescope into God's secrets in the realms of the infinite. You must close ears through which ring the songs of angels and the triumphal music of majesty and victory, and bend over your pick and shovel and say: "There is no hope. I am a victim of this revised universe not governed by God's law of inequality that, by its tides, its ebb and flow, tends to make all things right, but by this new checker-board system of equality which says 'all men must move only to such squares and in such order as the State determines.'"

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> "Where there are more," says Mr. Bellamy, "who want to enter a particular trade than there is room for, preference is given to those who have acquired most knowledge of the trade."

This is a more refined and cruel form of prosecution than our civil service examination, for this Utopian Government forces the individual to work for it. This is but a recognition of inequality. What right has this 2000 A. D. Government, by virtue of its platform of equality, its claim to give all men equal chances, to push a man aside and say, "You are weak and must go to the end of the line." This, as discrimination, is a recognition of inequality on the basis of a very artificial equality. They cannot defy the eternal law, try as they may.

> "No man, however," says this Government, "who, through successive years remains persistent, in the end is denied an opportunity."

And this is the Government that promised to provide equal opportunity for each citizen and give him the trade he desires. "In the end no one is denied an opportunity!" In the end! And must a man stand idly around, watching the golden moments slip like sand through his fingers?—stand idly while the years he should be burdening with fondest realizations, the years by which he may lay hold of eternity, wing silently and remorselessly before his eyes? In the end—no one is denied an opportunity.

> "If there be a sudden failure in volunteers in a particular trade," says the voice of the new nation, "or sudden necessity of increased force, the Government holds always in reserve the power to draft any force needed from any quarter."

This placing the people at every moment under a discipline that this Government of *ours* only enforces when the needs of war—calling for immediate soldiers to protect the flag, the family and fireside—force this awful measure! Thus at every pressure this theory of equality becomes gross injustice. This exquisite plan to give all men equal opportunity, yet gives one man choice of trade and may force another to a trade that is a drink of bitter despair to his lips.

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We have taken these few samples from Mr. Bellamy's Looking Backward (from the thousands of instances of injustice therein), because it is a careful amplification of equality. He has faced the issue boldly, he has sought to act consistently, and has met the dilemma always seemingly as best could be under the condition. Whatever is true in this must be true in all schemes of equality based on giving equality of opportunity—the relation must be the same in all; the basis, the modification of instance, is only in appearance. To carry out thoroughly any system of equality, based on equality of opportunity, the Government must be supreme, the individual nothing. Furthermore, a Government founded on equality of opportunity could not give employment, letting alone choice of employment, to more than one-half of its citizens. This system of equality crushes out individuality; it makes man, not the most divine work of the Creator, but simply a wheel in the Government machine, a living part of a dead mechanism.

In this world equality cannot exist. If all the inhabitants of the globe were to receive an equal amount of money on any morning, that evening's sun sinking below the horizon would throw light on one group—millionaires studying a new syndicate scheme, and another group—men without a penny, seeking to borrow enough for a bed on which to sleep away their poverty.

There can be no absolute equality. In the little band of twelve disciples that gathered together at the side of Christ—that little band we would have thought the most true and united in all the annals of history; that little band bound together by a common object, a common work, a common love and a common hope—one was the best beloved of all the disciples, and another betrayed Him.

—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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Clearing the Way for an Alliance

THE war with Spain has borne no better fruit than the new sense of brotherhood which is rapidly developing between the two branches of the English-speaking peoples. English public men, and cultivated Englishmen generally, long ago discovered their mistake of judgment with regard to the issue of the Civil War in this country, and have been waiting an opportunity to remove the unfortunate impression made by that error. There has been, in spite of occasional evidences of narrowness of judgment, and sometimes of a rather ungenerous irritation, a steady growth of cordial feeling toward this country in the minds of the best class of Englishmen.

The experience through which this country went last summer afforded the occasion for the expression of that growing cordiality. There is not the slightest doubt but that the English have been steadily moving toward us for years past. The question now is, how can this growing sense of community of race and interest be utilized? A sentiment is often far more powerful than a material interest, and the ties of affection, in sharp trials, survive all other ties; but a sentiment between two countries can only be made useful as it is expressed in some form of action.

There are, as Professor Dicey has recently pointed out, two ways in which the good feeling between England and the United States can be turned to immediate account. The first is by the removal of all existing grievances, and this is being done by the Commission now in session in Quebec; the second is by the negotiation of a treaty of arbitration, by the terms of which the two countries shall hereafter submit all their differences to an international court. These are two definite ends which Americans and Englishmen who feel strongly not only the spiritual importance of the growing understanding between the two branches of the race, but also its value in practical politics of the better kind, can work for. When these are secured it will be time enough to discuss the possible forms of an alliance between the two nations.

The removal of all existing grievances, and of the possibility of such grievances in the future, will prepare the way for a combined moral influence which might be of greater importance to civilization than any kind of formal alliance.

—HAMILTON W. MABIE.

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Is the American Superficial?

NOT long ago a newspaper editor was surprised to receive a request to print the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

"I should as soon print Evangeline over again—if I had the right," he answered.

Then followed a pleasant discussion, the outcome of which was that the editor printed the whole of the Rubaiyat, and was applauded for the performance.

There is too much superficiality in America. Everybody has heard of the Rubaiyat, of Evangeline, of this, that or the other accepted classic, but everybody does not follow first report by gaining a complete familiarity with them.

Once in a while we hear some one speak, with a great show of familiarity, about a volt-meter; but if asked to define volt and ampere he would go adrift on Hesitation. The American tendency is to touch here and there lightly, to know books only from the reviews, to secure familiarity with the drama mainly through the newspaper, and not through the literature of the stage, to know famous poems by their titles, and to dabble in science by reading of it lightly.

It is possible that one of the reasons that America has developed no great painter, no great poet, no great philosopher, is because we have developed many hundreds and thousands of high-average men. It becomes a question of whether the American system of high average is not better than the European system of isolated extreme development.

It is a fact, that there is no settlement in all of this broad land that cannot show a higher proportion of intelligence than a like settlement in any part of Europe, unless it be Switzerland. Even there, there is not the diversity of reasonably sure knowledge that one finds in the United States.

—HOMER BASSFORD.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOTE—Under this heading will be given weekly letters from readers on topics treated in the editorial columns of the POST. This will afford our readers an opportunity to discuss the subjects from all sides.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Dear Sir: In the long list of criticisms carefully prepared and cast at women who write fiction—and there was one of them in the review of a new writer's work in a recent issue of the Post—there is none which acts as an abiding torment to the spirit of that class of writers, as does the one in which men either slightingly or sneeringly take for granted that women fail to represent the male sex faithfully. "Oh, yes, a woman's man," they say. "An impossible sort of a creature!"

Without doubt, women do not write about men as men know each other; instead, they write from a more intimate knowledge of masculine strength and weakness than one man would reveal to another.

A woman who knows one man thoroughly is better versed in generic masculinity than any specific man can be, because she knows the entire scale of his being and the poles of his character; whereas, to men he reveals his neutral exterior, the cuticle of his character, and they immediately judge his nether skin by their own.

Men have been known to say to a woman of sympathetic nature, whom they need not of necessity love with romantic ardor, "Why is it you make me talk about myself and show you certain corners of my being unknown to any one else?" She does not explain, but one can safely say that her finer sensibilities have made him reveal the secret refinements and poetry, latent in every nature, and visible to one who can understand.

The woman who journeys into the land of fiction goes insufficiently equipped for masculine portrayal, unless her experience with men of various kinds has been extensive, and unless she is endowed with the power to combine her impressions of many men into a strong masculine instrument upon which she can play the various tunes sung to her by members of the sex, striking powerful harmonies, or even producing gross discords. The woman who studies the art of fiction successfully must first know the human heart, regardless of sex; to be true to her knowledge she must bravely depict all inconsistencies.

A woman may put the wrong end of a cigar into a hero's mouth, and thereby call down a fusilade of criticism upon her conception of masculinity, while, at the same time, she has drawn a bold and vigorous plan of his spiritual geography. In such a case, why not call her lacking in details or workmanship, rather than deficient in conception of character.

Where men are to be depicted in relation to each other, women can only use their imagination or collect evidence directly from the report of men, which, being second-hand, is not reliable as a means to truth; but where men stand related to women, it is safe to say that a woman may trust her knowledge to the utmost, because she is familiar with the most spontaneous elements of his being.

If you and I look at a canvas painted on two sides, who is to assert the truth of our respective opinions as to which is the right side? No one but the painter. A mother knows her son better than his father knows him, simply because the natural attraction of the sexes, one to another, induces the boy's finer nature to reveal to his mother what he would conceal from his father. The question resolves itself into the point of view, and what man can protest with truth that, because a woman sees men as he does not see them, her vision is distorted?

Minneapolis, October 23, 1898. HERBERT EVERETT.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In your editorial, The Danger Side of Improvement, you touched on the dangerous system of improvement in education, and in all that you said I most heartily agree.

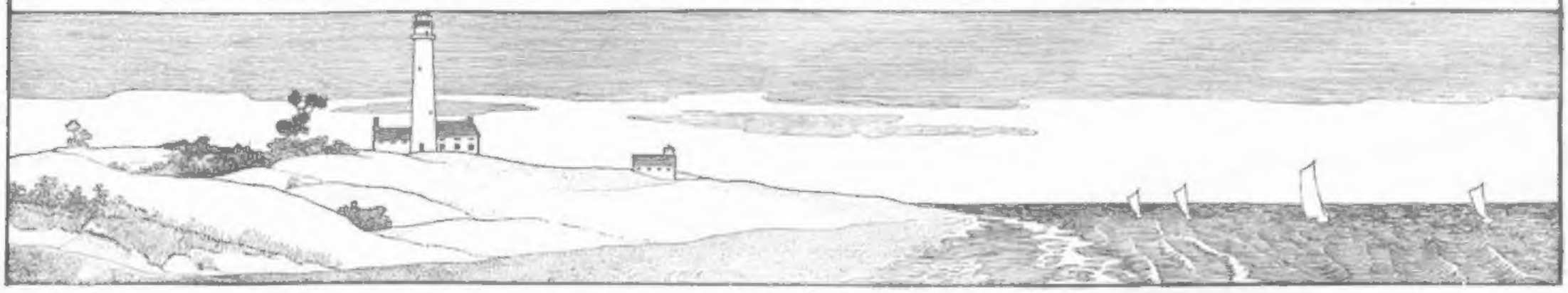
I have noticed with regret the increased attention which is being given to dead or foreign languages at the expense of the English language. I know from experience that Latin and German are full of beauties, and that their study is a valuable means of culture and mental development, but too frequently they are given first place. More attention should be devoted to the living language of the nation.

Too few know English rhetoric and literature as they should. They have but a superficial knowledge of the language; they fail to appreciate the fact that no literature surpasses English in noble thought, in lofty ideas, and in those priceless mental treasures which constitute one of mankind's richest legacies.

Boston, October 22, 1898. THE RECALCITRATOR.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This editorial was written in response to the request of correspondents. It is a continuation of the editorial "What Makes Life Worth Living," in the issue of October 1.

ROMANCE OF THE SEA COAST



THE LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE

By RENÉ BACHE, *with a Picture by* GEORGE GIBBS

MAN is so essentially a social and gregarious animal that something of an interest almost weird attaches to the exceptional individuals who voluntarily seclude themselves from association with their kind, electing to live alone and out of the stream of human intercourse.

Not even the hermit in his desolate retreat can be said to be more solitary than many of the keepers of lighthouses which guard dangerous portions of the coast of the United States, some of these watch-towers for the warning of mariners being located upon barren rocks far out at sea, and inaccessible for months at a time from the mainland.

A number of them are literally built in the water, being uplifted on stilts to mark submarine ledges and shoals. The loneliness of the life led by the occupants of such stations is indescribable, and every now and then one of them goes insane. This has happened more than once at Minot's Ledge, where is situated one of the most remarkable structures ever erected.

This lighthouse is situated on the "outer Minot," the most seaward of a group of rocks called "The Minots," off Boston Harbor. In 1847, with much difficulty, because the ocean flows over the ledge, a skeleton tower was erected there upon iron piles placed in holes drilled in the rock.

Nine years after its erection there came a tremendous hurricane, and anxious watchers on the mainland shore wondered if the structure could survive. At one hour after midnight they heard the fogbell above the roaring of the breakers, but at dawn the sea was a blank—the lighthouse was gone. Of course, the keepers lost their lives, though faithful to the last moment in their duty.

A new lighthouse, finished in 1860, has taken the place of the one described. It rises directly out of the water, a sturdy tower of Quincy granite, its light ninety-two feet above the level of high tide. Bolted to the submarine ledge with iron bars running down many feet, the structure is so put together as to be practically a gigantic monolith, every granite block being dovetailed laterally and vertically and fastened to its neighbors with Portland cement.

From the foundation ledge to the height of forty feet the tower is solid, except for a well for the storage of water. Necessarily, the living-rooms of the keepers are inside of the upper portion of the shaft, and the only way to reach them is by means of a ladder or by a chair hoisted with block and tackle.

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In calm and fair summer weather it is a pleasant sail from Cohasset to the lighthouse, and visitors often go out to inspect it. But for weeks at a time, in winter, there is no possibility of communication with the shore.

Men appointed to the charge of such lonely stations exhibit symptoms very curious from a psychological point of view. Before long they talk each other out, become morose, and after a while quit speaking to each other except on business. As often as possible the keepers of the Minot's Ledge lighthouse are changed; if this were not done, the place would become a little colony of madmen. Let it not be supposed that this is an exaggeration; there have been five attempts at suicide at this isolated light within the last few years—two of them successful.

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The madness begins with melancholy, which slowly but surely grows, sometimes developing into monomania and sometimes assuming a homicidal phase. Not long ago a famous expert in insanity made a special investigation of this subject, and in his final report declared that in his opinion the roundness of the lighthouse had much to do with the mental troubles of the inmates. The rooms in it were round; everything was round, and hence there was nothing to break the monotony and sameness of objects to the eye. "If the rooms could be made square, I am sure that fewer keepers would go crazy," said the famous mental alienist.

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Up at the very tip-top of the Minot's Ledge lighthouse—which does not differ in this respect from other lighthouses—there is a round room, above the great lantern. It is quite a small place—so tiny, in fact, that a table is rounded off on one side to fit against the wall. This is the "watch room," in which one of the four keepers is constantly on duty, day and night. Each man keeps watch four hours, and then is relieved by the one next in turn. A haunted chamber this small round room might be termed, inasmuch as it is beset by spooks of various and horrible kinds. The loneliness of the solitary watcher is so utter that his fancy begets all sorts of dreadful things, particularly at night, when the silence is absolute, save perhaps for the roaring of the Storm Fiend without or the moaning of the sea.

"The waves with slippery fingers clutch
The massive tower, and climb and fall,
And, muttering, groan with baffled rage
Their curses on the sturdy wall.
Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light;
Silent and awe-struck does he hear
The imprecations of the night.
The white spray beats against the panes,
Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hunted by a troop of fiends,
And seeks a shelter anywhere."

No wonder that the watcher sees ghosts under such circumstances! Close by him, so that he can put a finger on it instantly, is an electric bell, which will summon at a moment's notice the man whose turn is next. That bell is often rung, breaking the awesome silence of the night as with a human cry for help. The sleepy keeper tumbles out of bed and runs hastily up the steps, to find his mate crouched down against the wall of the watch room, his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some ghastly sight, and moaning in the agony of a tortured mind.

"It's all right, Billy! It's all right!" cries the rescuer, trying to shake the now half-conscious man into proper sensibility. "Why," he exclaims, "you're in a cold sweat and trembling all over. The spooks have been after you! Turn in, old man, and I'll do the rest of your watch."

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But it is very likely that the unfortunate is so overcome that he does not dare to go down the stairs unaccompanied. The principal keeper is summoned, and he puts the man to bed and sits by him for hours, holding his hand and whispering encouraging words. It is a fight against sheer raving insanity that has to be made. Next morning, maybe, the victim of a disordered imagination is quite himself again, and laughs over the occurrence of the night before, saying, "Well, I had 'em again, didn't I."

It is said that no person is so sound of mind that he will not show signs of mental lopsidedness after living for a few months in one of these lonely lighthouses. The lighthouse at Minot's Ledge is only one of many extremely isolated stations along the New England coast. There is one on the eastern point of Petit Ménan Island, off the coast of Maine, which is thirty miles from the nearest settlement. During the long winters of that comparatively frigid latitude no communication with civilization is possible. Another is Mount Desert Rock, a bare and desolate island eighteen miles south of the popular summer resort of like name, and far out in the ocean. Not a spear of grass grows on it, and in storms the giant breakers are thrown clear over it, showers of pebbles being driven like charges of shot against the lighthouse and the keepers' dwelling.

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One of the most important lights on the coast is at Great Point, which is the northeast extremity of Nantucket Island. It is on the very end of a sand-spit many miles in length, and it would be impossible to imagine any situation more lonely. When visited last month by an inspector from Washington, the two keepers said that they had not seen a human face outside of their own families in a year, barring three chance tourists. To reach the nearest settlement they must walk eighteen miles, incidentally crossing two arms of the sea which are utterly impassable in rough weather.

It is said that the loneliness of Minot's Ledge is actually emphasized and augmented by the fact that the keepers are able, with the aid of a telescope, to see their wives and children and their pleasant homes on the mainland shore whenever the weather is very clear and bright. The Government provides houses at Cohasset for three keepers' families and for one unmarried keeper, so that the four men at the light have at least a nominal residence on shore, and their women and children are satisfactorily accommodated. They take turns in going ashore.

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Life can hardly be said to have many attractions under such conditions, and yet there are always applicants for the least desirable vacancies in the service. The keeper of a first-order light gets seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, with certain perquisites. Chief among the latter is the free occupancy of a house. Then he is provided with a cook-stove, a lamp and oil. The lamp is of the ordinary parlor pattern, and the oil is the more or less dirty residue left over after straining the supply for the great lighthouse lamp.

Where the stations are very isolated, coal and rations are furnished by the Government, though there is an equivalent subtraction

THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE WRECK

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the second of the Post's series on the Romance of the Seacoast.

I—The Life-Savers Along the Coast . . . . . October 22
II—The Lights Along the Shore . . . . . November 5

from the salary. The rations are restricted to substantials, such as beef, pork, beans, rice, flour, sugar and coffee. If there is any tillable land, the keeper grows his own vegetables. On the other hand, the occupants of lighthouses on stilts, perched on submarine reefs and shoals, are supplied with canned stuff of certain kinds.

On top of the principal keeper's dwelling on the Cohasset shore is a powerful telescope, mounted on a tripod and pointed directly at the Minot's Ledge lighthouse. In winter, when the storm winds blow fiercely, the women take turns at watching. To them a deadly fear is ever present that the tower may be torn away from its foundation. They can only see it under such circumstances, "between seas," and sometimes one of them will cry out hysterically, "It's gone! It's gone!" But there comes a lull presently, and the top of the structure is seen again. Women are not permitted to live at any of the isolated rock stations. It has been found by experience that their presence gives rise to jealousy and trouble among the men.

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As might be imagined, life at the Minot's Ledge lighthouse is extremely monotonous. At sunrise, by the almanac, the light must be put out. Then follows a general clean-up. The keepers put on linen aprons and caps, which must be of this material, because wool would be apt to scratch the highly polished lens, which cost sixteen thousand dollars in France.

With the softest chamois leather and the finest linen cloths they polish the lens to the utmost brightness, holding their breath as they do so lest it dull the brilliant surfaces. The lens surrounds the lamp with a series of prismatic rings of glass, each set at a different angle from the others, but all cut mathematically in such a way as to gather the rays of light and send them out in a single sheet over the ocean. By this device a lamp of four hundred and fifty candle power is made to yield an illumination equal to twelve thousand candles. The lens of a first-order light stands twelve feet high and is six feet in diameter.

Next the keepers fill the lamp and a spare lamp with oil, which is first to be carefully strained. The wicks are trimmed not by cutting them, but by rubbing away the charred portion with a piece of soft pine wood. The optical machinery of a revolving light, including the lens, weighs four tons, and a close watch has to be kept on it all the time, lest it get out of order. It runs around in a circle on rollers about the size of silver dollars, with an arrangement of ball-bearings, and the slightest obstacle will stop it.

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Indeed, bugs of many kinds are the main trouble to be guarded against in managing such lights, and it is a common thing for the keeper to sit by and read while brushing the insects away from time to time. The men in charge of a fixed light have comparatively little to do, simply keeping the apparatus clean and the oil supply plentiful. A revolving light, on the other hand, is run by clockwork and a weight, and must be wound up every four hours with a crank.

All the "bright work" at the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge must be cleaned every morning. It must be made so absolutely clean that a handkerchief passed over it will not be soiled a particle. Every three months there comes an inspector, who examines everything with a stern and critical eye. No date is set for his arrival, because it is not desired that the keepers shall make ready for the inspection. His coming is always a surprise, and the principal keeper, in welcoming him, presents him with a white linen towel. With this towel he goes over the surface of the lamp, the lens, and many other things, and the slightest soiling of the cloth means a black mark for the keeper. If, on the other hand, the test proves satisfactory, the inspector enters in the lighthouse log-book the words, "Service napkin not soiled."

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The log-book of a lighthouse is very carefully kept, just like that of a ship. Note is made in it of passing vessels, and of incidents of all kinds, such as the breaking of a pane of glass or the oversleeping of a keeper. It is written up daily by the principal keeper, the report for each twenty-four hours being signed by him, so that no alterations can be made. The inspector examines the log each time he pays a visit.

The keepers of the Minot's Ledge lighthouse have perhaps eight hours' work to do out of each twenty-four, but their duties are so multifarious and so distributed through day and night that it is hard to make an estimate of their periods of labor outside of the regular four-hours' watch which each man must take in his turn. Half the time they have nothing to do except to watch the passing ship or to read and to play checkers. The Government furnishes for light-stations a large number of "libraries," each one comprising fifty volumes, packed in a neat brass-bound wooden case. They are exchanged quarterly, so that each lighthouse has four libraries yearly, and the system adopted is such that one of these collections may start at Petit Ménan, Maine, and make its way along the coast clear around to the Gulf and thence up along the Pacific shore.

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Naturally, one of the most important items of supply for lighthouses is oil for the great lamps. Petroleum is used exclusively, and of this three hundred and fifty thousand gallons are consumed annually. All of the oil for the Atlantic coast lights is delivered at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, which is the general purchasing and distributing centre of supplies. A first-class light uses seven gallons of oil in a night.

One of the most primitive and earliest lights established in this country as a warning to mariners was a beacon at Point Allerton, Massachusetts, which was set up in 1673, bales of pitch and oakum being burned in open braziers. A lighthouse on Little Brewster Island, in Boston Harbor, erected in 1715, was lighted at first with tallow candles. For a long time "spider" lamps, burned in lanterns, were employed, but in 1820 the Government bought of Winslow Lewis for twenty thousand dollars his invention of a "magnifying and reflecting lantern," which was a very primitive affair, consisting of a lamp with a silvered reflector and lens of bottle-green glass, the whole apparatus set in a wrought-iron frame.

It was a big and very important step from this device to the modern first-order light with its Fresnel lens. Only a few years ago the illuminant employed was the best sperm-whale oil; this was replaced by "colza" oil, expressed from seeds, and that in its turn gave way to lard oil. One reason why the lard oil yielded to petroleum was that the latter costs less than eight cents a gallon, whereas pure lard oil is generally worth fifty-seven cents a gallon.

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The work in a lighthouse is divided up among the keepers. For example, one of the four men at Minot's Ledge cleans the lens of the big lamp; another fills the lamp; a third cleans the storm-panes, and a fourth sweeps down the six flights of stairs. Afterward, perhaps, there may be some painting to be done, or the boats may need looking after. The lighthouse at Minot's Ledge has two boats, one of which is kept ashore, while the other when not in use is swung from davits near the top of the tower. Then there are beds to be made, bedrooms to be swept, and meals to be cooked. Each of the four keepers takes his turn as cook.

As already stated, the tower on Minot's Ledge is solid to the height of forty feet, except for a well for the storage of water. Immediately above this solid portion of the structure is the kitchen, which has an ordinary range and cooking utensils. The official inspector on the occasion of each visit wipes out the inside of the copper pots and tin pans with his white linen cloth, and expects to find them as clean as the lamp and the lens in the tower. The men take their meals in the kitchen. Just above is the living-room, in which they spend most of their leisure time. These two rooms have a diameter of about thirty feet each. Above the living-room are the sleeping apartments.

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Everything is kept as clean as a new pin; no such immaculate housekeeping is to be seen on shore. The bedsteads in the sleeping-rooms are curved to fit the circular wall. The above description ought to be modified by the statement that there is a cellar beneath the kitchen, in which are stored the sails for the boats and many other things, including some food supplies, such as potatoes, barrels of beef and pork, etc.

In summer, lighthouse tenders, which are small steamers, visit such lonely stations as that at Minot's Ledge and supply them with groceries, fuel, reading matter, etc., delivering mails incidentally. The keepers are at liberty to order any luxuries they may want to be brought by the tender, paying for them out of their own pockets. Each isolated station is visited once a year also by a supply ship, which is a floating wholesale store, carrying everything, from pins and needles to sewing-machines and surf-boats. The vessel has in stock lamp-chimneys, brooms, paper, ink, pens, tinware, matches, oars, canvas, agricultural implements, soap, towels, paint, window-glass, and even a horse or two. It may easily be imagined with what eagerness the annual call of this Government craft is looked forward to by the people who tend the lonely lights.

Keepers are trained to consider the care of the light and the lighthouse property their paramount duty, beyond all personal considerations. There have been a number of cases, as at the first light on Minot's Ledge, where those in charge have died at their posts. Such an instance was that of the men in charge of Sharp's Island lighthouse in Chesapeake Bay. In February, 1881, that structure was lifted from its foundation and carried away by ice. The keeper and his assistant clung to it as it floated away, refusing to seek safety in an uninjured boat.

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They drifted about for sixteen hours without fire or food, amid heavy floating ice, until finally they grounded on an island shortly after midnight. When the tide had fallen, they saved and took to the shore the lens, the oil, the library, and even the empty oil-cans, and then reported the facts to Washington. As a reward, they were promoted. While it is no part of the light-keepers' duty to look after wrecks or to succor the distressed, many acts of heroism have been performed by men in such positions, and gold or silver medals have been awarded to all of them by the Treasury Department, in proportion to the danger which they actually incurred.

Off the New England coast, far out in the ocean, are quite a number of lonely islands—bare and desolate rocks, each having its lighthouse. One of these is Boon Island—a station of much importance to maritime traffic, with a light of the first order. In winter it is apt to be cut off for months together from communication with the mainland, so it happened that on one occasion the keeper in charge could not send ashore for his customary goose for Thanksgiving.

This was a very great disappointment to his child, a little girl of four years. She thought the matter over and made up her mind that a goose must be had in some way; so she slipped out of the lighthouse at night, in the midst of the storm, and knelt down to pray in a sheltered spot. She said: "Dear God, please send us a goose for our Thanksgiving!" Just at that moment—and this story is vouched for as true—a big wild goose came flying full tilt against the tower and was struck dead, falling at the feet of the child. She got up from her knees and struggled through the wind into the house, pulling after her by one leg the goose which, as she expressed it, God had sent them.

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Twenty-five miles out in the ocean, in the pathway of steamers bound from Boston and Portland to Eastport, St. John and Halifax, is Matinicus Rock, a rugged and inaccessible island on which no landing can be made except under unusually favorable conditions. At low tide it has an area of thirty-seven acres, and as a habitation it is fit only for the sea-gull and the stormy petrel. In 1846 two towers eighty feet in height were built there, with a granite dwelling connecting them, and Samuel Burgess was appointed keeper.

He had an invalid wife, four daughters, and a son who was a fisherman. The eldest girl, Abbie, helped her father with the lights. On January 19, 1856, when Abbie was seventeen, came the terrific gale that destroyed the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, Mr. Burgess being away at the time. The sea breached over the rock constantly, washing away every movable thing and flooding the dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the light towers.

For four weeks the situation continued perilous, no landing on the island being practicable. There was an experience even worse in the spring of 1857, when Mr. Burgess had gone to the mainland for provisions and fuel. Storm prevented his return, and finally the son left in a skiff to get food. He could not get back either, and for three weeks the mother and four girls were reduced to only one cup of corn-meal gruel and an egg a day apiece.

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To the horrors of isolation and famine in mid-ocean was added awful suspense as to the fate of father and son; yet during all this dreadful time the lights never failed, but shone out every night for a warning to mariners. In 1861, with a change of Administration at Washington, there came a new keeper, Captain John Grant, whose son was appointed assistant. Abbie married young Grant, and in 1875 she was still living on the rock, the mother of four children. Then there happened to be a vacancy at White Head Light, in the town of St. George on the mainland, and young Grant was made keeper of it, his wife being appointed as his assistant. She was thus enabled to go back to civilization, having spent twenty-two years on that barren and storm-buffeted island.

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Uncle Sam employs as light-keepers about twenty women, of whom the most famous by far is Ida Lewis, who has charge of the station at Lime Rock in Newport Harbor. She has often been called the Grace Darling of America, but such a designation does her scant justice. Grace Darling became celebrated through the help she gave to her father in rescuing from a ship a number of men, who, on being taken off the vessel, took oars and rowed themselves back to land in the boat that came to their aid.

Ida Lewis has at various times saved thirteen lives, either alone or with the help of her younger brother. In September, 1854, a skiff containing four men, two of them sons of prominent citizens of Newport, was capsized near the Lime Rock light. Ida, then twelve years of age, got out her little boat and picked them up in an unconscious condition. In February, 1867, a soldier of the Fort Adams garrison went out in a boat and was capsized. Ida went to his rescue, towed him to the rock, and he was resuscitated. In March, 1869, two soldiers left Newport for Fort Adams in a sailboat managed by a boy. They were swamped, the boy was drowned, and the men were seen clinging to the keel. Ida, with her brother, saved them.

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In the autumn of 1877 a boat that contained three men was upset in the harbor; Ida saved them. Not long afterward, in a heavy gale, a man was seen clinging to an iron spindle on a reef a mile and a half from the light. Ida went alone and rescued him. In February, 1881, two drunken soldiers tried to get from Newport to Fort Adams on the ice, and broke through. Ida took a clothes-line, ran to their assistance, and, with her brother's help, pulled them out.

Ida Lewis is now fifty-six years old, and she draws a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year from the Government. Uncle Sam has given her a gold medal containing seventy-five dollars worth of the precious metal. On one side of it is a design showing three men pulling a drowning woman into a boat. The reason for this is not very apparent, inasmuch as it might more appropriately represent one woman rescuing three men. Like a true heroine, the lady is simple and unaffected.

Twenty years or so ago she was married to a seafaring man named Wilson, who left her after a while; so now she dwells alone upon the barren rock in Newport Harbor, finding happiness in the performance of her duties as light-keeper. Her house is filled with tokens of appreciation which she has received from various States and from humane societies. These include a handsome silver service, which was presented to her by the officers of Fort Adams.

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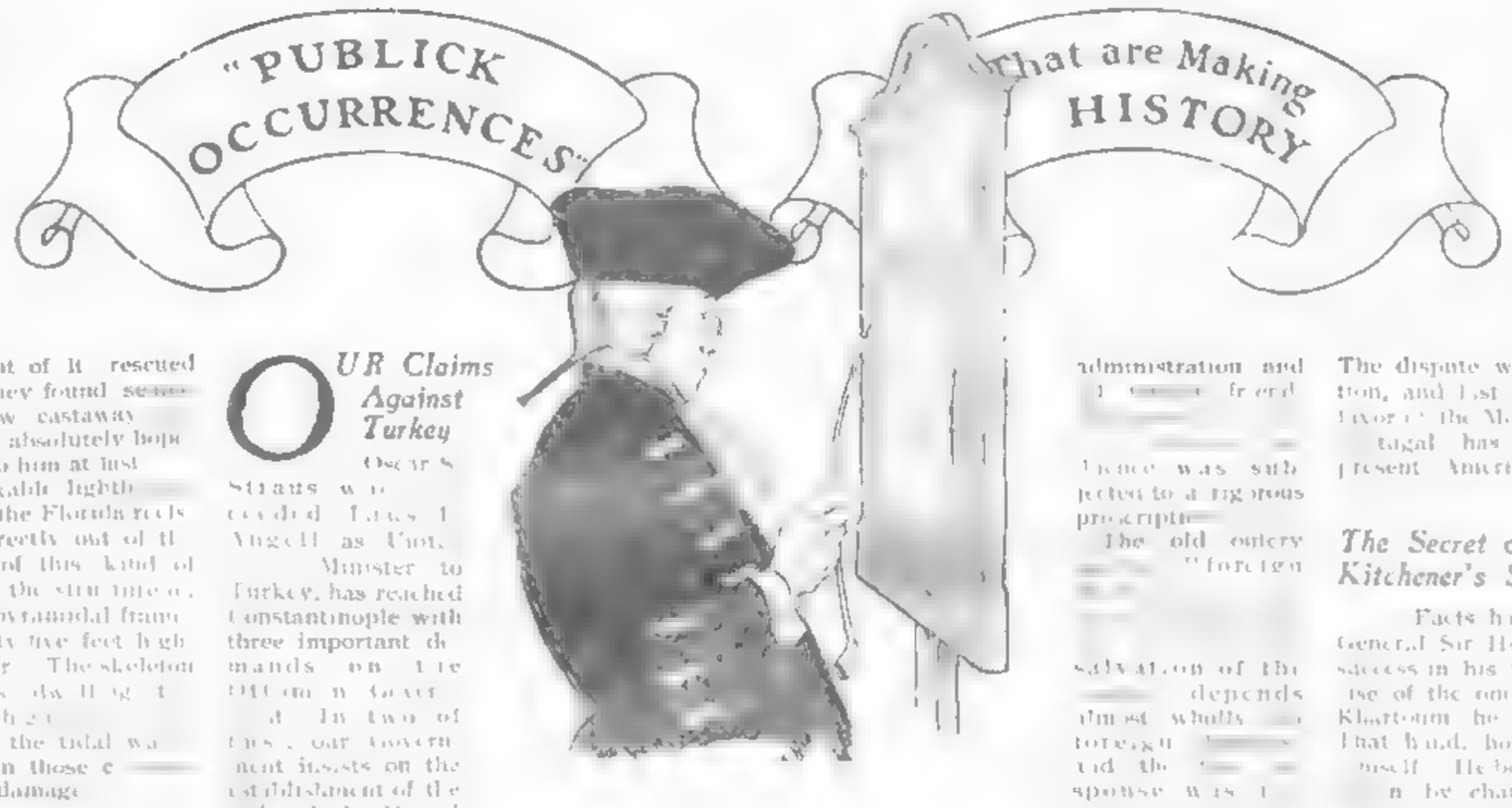
An article about lighthouses would be very incomplete without some reference to lightships, than which no lonelier places of residence can possibly be imagined. Take, for example, the lightship on New South Shoal, which is twenty-six miles from the nearest land. This lightship is the last stationary human habitation seen by passengers on trans-Atlantic steamers bound outward from New York, and is sought by those vessels as the first mark to steer by on their return. Not far from the shoal which it guards are the dreaded Banks, which have been a veritable graveyard for ships, having a record of five hundred known disasters. There, like the phantom craft of story, "Lightship No. 1, New South Shoal," it sails a voyage without an end, anchored with an iron cable and buffeted by continual storms.

The vessel that occupied this lonely and dangerous station, until quite recently, broke from her moorings more than a score of times, frequently on such occasions drifting out into the middle of the ocean, because she was built for riding out gales and went leeward like a crab. Such things are very apt to happen to lightships. The one at Cross Rip, Nantucket Sound, was lost for more than a month once, fetching up finally in the Gulf of Mexico.

Scores of people have been saved from wrecks by the hardy mariners of the New



South Shoal lightship, who never hesitate to launch a boat in the most violent storm for the purpose of a rescue. On one occasion twenty seven persons were snatched by them from a watery grave, when the City of Newcastle ran upon Nantucket Banks and sank stern foremost. On another day they caught sight of a black object driven before the gale, and, putting forth in pursuit of it rescued a man on a raft whom they found seated on the corpse of a fellow castaway, head buried in his hands and absolutely hopeless of the aid which came to him at last.

Some of the most remarkable lighthouses in the world are situated on the Florida reefs being uplifted on stilts directly out of the water. A fair example of this kind of watch tower is furnished by the structure on Alligator Reef, which is a pyramidal framework one hundred and thirty five feet high, standing in fifteen feet of water. The skeleton tower incloses the keepers' dwelling, the latter being forty feet above the sea, so as to be beyond the reach of the tidal waves which arrive occasionally in those comparatively low latitudes and do such great damage.

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About twenty feet or so above the water is a platform which serves as a sort of cellar for the dwelling proper. Here all sorts of junk and such articles as are stored in cellars on dry land. If a big wave comes unexpectedly these articles may be swept away, but there is no danger to the lives of the keepers and their families, as has been proved by the experience of many storms. There are three keepers, and the light is one of the finest in the country, flashing red and white. The light is thrown through glass in such a manner that the red part falls upon dangerous water, while the white indicates to the mariner the way of safety. These reef lighthouses are from six to sixty miles from the nearest land.

The tallest skeleton tower ever erected for lighthouse purposes in this country was at Hell Gate. It was two hundred and fifty five feet high, and had nine lights, which together gave an illumination equivalent to a million of candles. At night the effect was grand. The tower could not be seen, and the lights appeared as if hung in the heavens. Its effect was to actually produce artificial daylight. The trouble with it was that the shadows thrown by the lights were so heavy as to take the form of obstacles. It was like running against a cliff when a vessel got outside of the illuminated area.

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The eyes of pilots were so blinded that they could not see for a while, and it was at their request that the establishment was discontinued in 1886. Liberty's torch in New York Harbor now contains a superb electric light, visible twenty five miles out at sea, but it is only for ornamental purposes, being of no help to navigation. There has just been set up at the Highlands of Navesink the first electric light ever established for lighthouse purposes in this country. It was lighted for the first time June 26 last. Its power is millions of candles, and its reflection on the clouds can be seen at a distance of nearly ninety four miles.

The annual cost of the Lighthouse Service is somewhat over $2,500,000. Of this sum $400,000 is spent for the supplies for lighthouses and lightships, $710,000 for salaries, $575,000 for repairs, $[illegible] for vessels, $100,000 for fog signals and $30[illegible] for the lighting of rivers. There are at present thirteen hundred keepers on duty. In 1820 there were only fifty six lighthouses in the United States. Now there are seven hundred and fifty lighthouses on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, one hundred and thirty on the Pacific coast, and two hundred and eighty on the lakes. The tallest lighthouse is at Cape Hatteras, one hundred and eighty nine feet from the base to the centre of the lantern.

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The highest above sea-level is at Point Loma, near the entrance of San Diego Bay, California—four hundred and sixty two feet above the ocean. The first lighthouse ever put up in this country was erected at St. Augustine, Florida, by the Spaniards, who utilized it chiefly as a watch tower, so that notice might be had of the approach of an enemy by sea. Unfortunately, it attracted the attention of Francis Drake, as that famous commander sailed along the coast with a fleet of high pooped ships on his way home from pillaging the cities of the Spanish main. He stopped long enough to loot the town and totally destroy what he could not conveniently take away with him.

The early history of lighthouses in the United States is involved in obscurity. All built prior to 1789 were ceded to the Federal Government by the respective States about the time of the adoption of the Constitution. The buildings were generally rough stone or wood towers, surmounted by large iron lanterns, which gave but a flickering and feeble light. They were generally of small height and the illuminating apparatus was of the rudest description. With few exceptions these primitive lighthouses were all rebuilt and equipped with modern apparatus.

OUR Claims Against Turkey

Oscar S. Straus, who succeeded Lewis Angell as Minister to Turkey, has reached Constantinople with three important demands on the Porte on whose favor [illegible]. In two of these our government insists on the establishment of the right of the United States to appoint consuls at its own discretion at any of the ports of the Empire, and on the removal of the difficulties regarding the recognition in Turkey of naturalized American citizens.

The third demand, which ex-Minister Angell believes can only be secured by armed demonstration, is for an indemnity for the destruction of American [illegible] property, principally in Armenia. It will be remembered that Turkey [illegible] similar demands by several [illegible] at the damages were the result of mobroots and were entirely unprovoked.

Our Administration now contends that Turkey is responsible for the property destroyed, not by mobs, but by the agents of the Government in the person of soldiers supposed to be guarding that property. The Sultan refuses to answer this claim, and Minister Straus is directed to press it.

Canal Question Still More Complicated

Of the two schemes for constructing an interoceanic canal, the people of the United States have always been largely favorable to the Nicaragua route. The Federal Government has repeatedly recognized this sentiment by costly surveys and otherwise, and everybody expects that the coming Congress will settle the matter by authorizing a canal on the Nicaragua plans.

Now on the eve of the meeting of the Congress comes a covert attack in the form of a proposition from certain strolling parties that the Government purchase the French interests in the Panama canal, and complete that work instead of building the projected Nicaragua canal. The chief argument is that the Panama canal would cost the least.

Just as in the case of the greatest scandals in modern history, the Panama canal has cost the French people $125[illegible] and will need $100,000,000 more before completion. Recent estimates fix the cost of the Nicaragua scheme at a maximum of $125,000,000.

England Abandons Compulsory Vaccination

The Medical World has pronounced the practical nullification of the English Compulsory Vaccination law the most important event which has occurred in the medical domain of England within the memory of the present generation. In the United States, where vaccination is quite commonly regarded as a preventive of small pox, it is difficult to comprehend why all England should have been so thoroughly stirred by the comparatively small amount [illegible] now stands, the House of [illegible] the third reading of a new Vaccination bill in which occurs the following nullifying clause:

> That no parent or other persons shall be liable to any penalty under the Vaccination Act of 1867 if he satisfies Justices in Petty Sessions that he conscientiously believes that vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of the child.

The best London physicians have denounced the "conscience clause," pointing, among other evidences, to the satisfactory stamping out of small pox in India by the enforcement of compulsory vaccination.

Backward Trend of Reforms in China

China's swift retrogression since the Emperor announced his policy of reform and was forced to abdicate his authority in consequence seems incredible in this age of progress. Within a few days after her assumption of power, the Dowager Empress inaugurated a policy that, if not checked by the interposition of foreign interests, will set the Empire back fifty years. At the moment the country most needed a strong up to date administration and [illegible] friendly [illegible] France was subjected to a rigorous proscription. The old outcry "foreign [illegible] salvation of the [illegible] depends almost wholly on foreign [illegible] and the [illegible] sponse was [illegible]

[illegible] influences must [illegible] that the [illegible] will for [illegible]

Benjamin Franklin's Bequest to Boston

What is locally known as the Benjamin Franklin made a bequest of £[illegible] to the Selectmen of Boston and the pastors of the First Presbyterian Congregational and Protestant Episcopal churches there, in part to become available at the end of the first one hundred years and the remainder at the end of the second. In 1891 the bequest, with accumulations, amounted to $[illegible] of which $320,000 was then available.

A large number of institutions filed claims for all or part of the released fund; but the Board of Aldermen, which succeeded the [illegible] Presbyterian, the First Congregational and the Old North churches decided to establish a Franklin Trades School, as being most in accord with Franklin's intentions. Opposition to this decision has resulted in throwing the case into the Supreme Court of the State.

The Kaiser's Trip to the Holy Land

Emperor William, of Germany, has given the world many surprises during his short reign, but none so cloaked as to purpose as the visit of himself and his Empress to the Holy Land. He delights in making himself a topic of universal conversation, in keeping his name before the public, but he seldom tries to mystify the world.

The political world [illegible] disturbed, is yet unable to discern his motive, and rejects the official explanation that the journey was solely to enable the Emperor to take part in the consecration of the new Lutheran Church of the Redeemer in Jerusalem.

For a simple act of piety it certainly was unnecessary to organize an imposing Protestant pilgrimage, to summon a great assemblage of high court and military officials, to take with him nearly two hundred of the brightest lights in the Lutheran Church, to have Constantinople cleaned up as it seldom was before, to require an escort of over twelve thousand Turkish troops, and to close the itinerary surrounded by nine Turkish war ships.

These features constitute an extraordinary accompaniment for either a religious or a pleasure undertaking. The German war lord has never taken the world into his confidence, and it can only conjecture the real purpose of the remarkable

America's Interest in Developing Delagoa Bay

Delagoa Bay is a large indentation on the southeast coast of Africa, the estuary of several rivers, and a place of much commercial and strategic importance. It was discovered by the Portuguese in 1498, and is the only available seaport for the Transvaal or South African Republic. Almost from the day of its discovery it was claimed by Portugal and Great Britain, and in 1845 the Boers also laid claim to it for a seaport.

In 1875 France arbitrated the claims in favor of Portugal, and subsequently Great Britain acquired a right of preemption. Last year Great Britain made a secret agreement with Portugal for the sale or lease of the bay and adjacent territory.

It is now announced that negotiations for the transfer of the bay have been deferred till next year, because of a protest on the part of the United States. In 1881 Edward McMurdo, an American citizen, obtained a concession for building a railroad from the bay to [illegible]. He completed the work on contract time, but in 1889 Portugal cancelled the contract, seized the railroad property. As McMurdo had worked with English capital, Great Britain joined the United States in a protest. The dispute was referred to Swiss arbitration, and last year the tribunal decided in favor of the McMurdo claim for £[illegible]. Portugal has not yet settled, hence the present American protest.

The Secret of Kitchener's Success

Facts have now leaked out as to the secret of General Sir Herbert Kitchener's remarkable success in his Soudan campaign in the exercise of the one man power. From Cairo to Khartoum he worked with a free hand. That hand, however, he had to make for himself. He became commander in chief by chance. The moment he was invested with supreme authority he began to use it boldly.

He first cut himself loose from the trammels of the War Office in London, which has to deal with what kinds of food his Army should be equipped. Then he flatly refused to make appointments of social and political backgrounds, despite enormous pressure. His principal officers were selected personally, because of their exceptional fitness for the particular duty required of them. In Lord Cromer, the British diplomatic agent in Egypt, he found his most faithful ally. Under such conditions and with such results, it is suggestive to note that he has officially praised several hundred of his subordinates and among them his commissary, medical and transport departments.

England Warns France to Abandon the Upper Nile

One of the first acts of Lord Salisbury on returning from his summer vacation was to authorize the publication of the correspondence between the British and French Governments concerning the ownership of the territory bordering the Upper Nile. In this occurs a declaration by the English premier that all the territories of the Khalifa now belong to Great Britain and Egypt, by conquest. In other words the French force under Major Marchand, that took possession of Fashoda, must quit the country.

The correspondence further shows that, in General Kitchener [illegible] have saved the French expedition from annihilation if he had been a fortnight later in crushing the Khalifa. Nothing remains to be done except for France to discover a [illegible] her forces that will not create further trouble at home.

Indian Troubles Break Out in the West

[illegible] Deputy United States Marshall to arrest the chief of the Pillager band of Chippewa Indians at Leech Lake, Minnesota, as a witness in a case of alleged illegal sale of whisky to the Indians in his band, was the immediate cause of the first encounter in many years between United States troops and Indians. Behind this cause [illegible] long list of oft declared grievances in the extortions of the whites in the matter of the timber lands of the band.

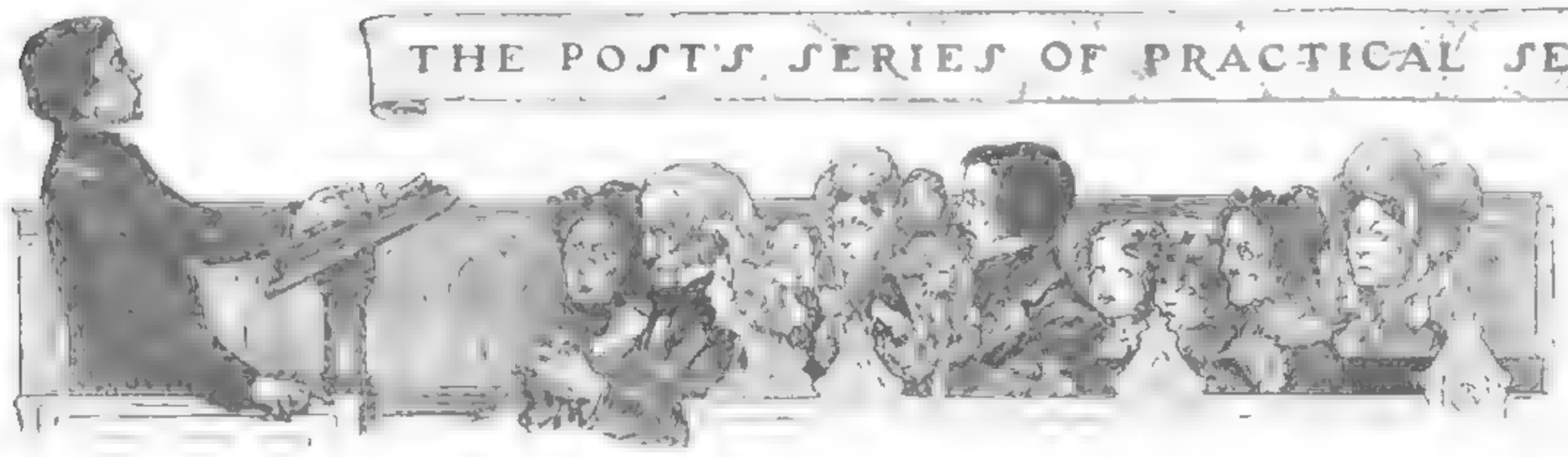
At the time of writing, a detachment of the Third United States Infantry, but recently returned from the Santiago campaign, had suppressed the revolt. A sad feature of the short and sharp fight was the death of Major Melville C. Wilkinson, a veteran of the Civil War, several Indian wars, and the American Spanish war, who had achieved an enviable record as a brave officer.

Germany Changes Her Views About Us

It took Germany much longer than France to comprehend the real strength and purposes of the United States in its dealings with Spain, and it is gratifying to us to learn even at this late day that there has been a decided change in German views toward us. Much of this new sentiment is due to the diplomacy of Admiral Dewey and the personal reports to the Emperor of the German observers of the Santiago campaign.

United States Minister White has all along asserted that the official sentiment of Berlin was not antagonistic to us, but the German Admiral at Manila and the most influential newspapers certainly reflected a different feeling. Now, the press, high officials and representatives of vast commercial interests have entirely changed their attitude, and are outspoken in the hope that the United States will not relinquish the Philippine Islands, and also will not return them to Spain under whom the revolution and [illegible] would be prolonged.

THE POST'S SERIES OF PRACTICAL SERMONS



THE NEED FOR CONSTANT PRAYER

By

REV. ALFRED J. P. McCLURE, A. M.

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication"
—Ephesians VI 18

THESE words are a part of that magnificent armor, described by Saint Paul, in which the Christian warfare is successfully waged against the world, the flesh and the devil

Saint Paul knew his terms. The breastplate, shield, the helmet, their necessities and their uses, from the constant sight of the world conquering, everywhere-present Roman legions, he knew well And so when he closed his magnificent description of the armor of the Christian paralleling the military panoply, he knew, too, the need of the last part of the armor, prayer, as the most important.

Strange that this thought of prayer should have been connected with war, but so it was in Saint Paul's mind, and is in fact to day in the minds of all of our people

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One of the most inspiring and beautiful incidents of our recent war occurred on the battle ship Texas, immediately after the defeat of Cervera's fleet in the bay of Santiago Captain Philip, standing on the deck of his war ship, the Texas, with officers and marines, engineers and stokers the latter blackened and with nerves still tense with the excitement of the fight on that Sunday morning, stepped out before his men, and, removing his cap, declared: "I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God, the Father Almighty; I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Ar[illegible]

This incident was one of the most beautiful, inspiring and characteristic of the war, because it indicated like a flash of lightning the deep religious trust of our soldiers and sailors, and, indeed of our people

Like the Emperor Constantine, we can exultingly exclaim, as we think upon that gallant, representative crew on the battle ship, standing with uncovered heads, in silent prayer—we can exultingly exclaim "In hoc signo vinces

The cynical man may speak slightingly of such an incident, but it will only indicate the depth of his inexperience and ignorance of the spiritually great things, of the forces which move the world

History if it teaches us anything, declares that it is the truly great who realize that they are in the hands of God, to work His will and do His commands

And this incident will have its value for us, if it leads us to consider more thoughtfully the important subject of prayer

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We recall in this connection, the fact that Cromwell and Von Moltke, Havelock and Washington, as rulers and leaders of men submitted their difficulties to God and asked for guidance During that terrible winter at Valley Forge, Washington was found on his knees in the forest, praying earnestly for help A Quaker who overheard the prayer said to his wife: "Though I believe not in war the cause of a man who prays like that must prevail" It is known that Lincoln said to Bishop Simpson, during the dark days of the war "This burden of responsibility is so heavy I must have Divine help I want you to pray with me" And while the Bishop prayed, the leader of the nation and of the army knelt and responded heartily to the earnest petition sent to God

When the sentry saw a handkerchief lying outside General Gordon's tent, when he was in the Soudan he knew that Gordon was alone with God and must not be disturbed unless it was necessary

History is full of such instances, just as the Bible is full of exhortations to prayer and promises of answers to petitions. The slightest investigation by interested persons will at once convince them of the importance—indeed, of the necessity—of prayer, in order that there may be growth in Christian life, because it is simply and unquestionably true—as plainly true as that two and two are four—that the man or woman, boy or girl, who pretends to live in any wise the Christian life, and yet neglects this source of communication and communion, and alliance of will and heart and life with God, loses the value, the help, the possibility and the joy which belong to them as their right

Prayer is putting ourselves in line and in harmony with the will of God, and this means happiness and power; because our w[illegible] God's will and He is all powerful. It means acceptance of light and protection. Prayer is our sun and our shield

During the memorable retreat of the French from Moscow the soldiers froze to death by hundreds. It is said that, at night, they gathered together such combustible material as they could find, and made a fire Then, gathering round it in circles, as closely as possible, they laid down to sleep. In the morning, after a bitter night, those in the outer circles would be found dead—frozen to death. They were too far away from the source of heat So the Christian's hope of life, of strength, of help in the warfare of life, lies in constant communion with Christ and with those who love Him. To be on the borders of worldliness may be, and often is, fatal.

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In speaking of this subject of prayer to you as church people or as Christian people, or simply as men and women who have a desire to do right and whose hearts go up to God in trust there is, I am sure, no thing in which you will feel yourselves to be so inconsistent and so guilty as in this matter of prayer.

I believe that prayer is the heart of religion; and, whether people are church members or not, whether they make a profession or not, that appeal of the heart to God is the very centre and core of the religious hope of the whole world

I sincerely hope that those who hear me to day have an honest regard for and belief in the duty of prayer. I could wish that morning and evening, or both, found you repeating forms of family prayer, lifting up your hearts at least with some aspiration, some thankfulness, some reference to God at stated and definite times, and yet, as I look calmly and steadily at this matter, I feel certain that the great duty of prayer is more and more being neglected that it is sometimes a burden, something concluded quickly, and that, if it is performed at all, it is not with a seriousness of attention and with a devotion which your better reason commends

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You will agree with me that this is entirely wrong That it indicates an alienation of heart a lack of warmth and of sincerity and of earnestness that ills fits any one of us for the coming of the Son of Man that takes us out of the atmosphere of Heaven, and unfits us in heart, in mind in taste for the employment, the pleasures of a Heavenly world

Most men expect to get to Heaven, and would resent the imputation instantly that there was no hope of Heaven for them. But a man or woman who neglects prayer, who lives altogether out of the atmosphere of prayer, is as unfit for Heaven as most of us are to die this minute.

Prayer has been defined as "the intercourse of the soul with God." It is composed of adoration, confession, petition, intercession and thanksgiving"; and this you may find fully and adequately expressed in the orderly arrangement of the prayers of our service. But whether prayer breathes forth in any form, or whether it rises to Heaven from the heart without form or without words, it is still essentially "the intercourse of the soul with God."

Bad men make appeals. There are times when prayer is uttered, loud, explosive and full of fear, from beds of sickness and in times of peril, but such praying is not intercourse with God That includes the idea of mutual communication and exchange

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Most of us are so intensely engaged in the pursuits and the pleasures and the ambitions of the life we live, that the thought and the feeling of prayer is a foreign atmosphere We cannot disengage ourselves from the absorption of the world in order to have Holy Communion with God, indeed, one could assert without fear of contradiction, that, even in this congregation this morning, but few deeply laden prayers have ascended to God "full freighted with all the rich products of a sanctified heart," effectual, fervent, earnest prayers, such prayers as the prophet Elijah used, in answer to which the heavens were shut for three years and six months, and again, by his prayers, opened for the grateful rain; or such prayer as ascended from Saul of Tarsus to which God said "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight [in Damascus], and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus, for behold he p[illegible]

And yet the returns of such prayers are richer than the returns of any venture of business or of any ship bringing back the treasures of the sea.

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"O the depth of the riches of the knowledge of God!" exclaimed Saint Paul; and true it is that there is room enough for such prayers to ascend and for such riches to be brought back in return

In the latter part of the last century an English girl became kitchen maid in a farmhouse. She had much hard work to do, but, as time rolled on, she married the son of a weaver. They were industrious; they saved money enough to build them a house. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that house, the young wife arose early in the morning and entering the front door yard and kneeling down, she consecrated the place to God making this solemn vow. "O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it" Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them; they all became affluent. One son became a member of Parliament, and, in his public place, declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother

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Their factories increased, they employed four thousand operatives. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and where there were invalids who could not pay they let them occupy the houses for nothing. One of the sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city. They endowed an orphanage; they endowed two almshouses, and their name and reputation and generosity spread over all England This good woman, the founder of the Crossley family, by that act of prayer put her will and desire in line with the will and desire of God, she worked with God, and—as of old—He blessed His people

I believe that many times, in matters material and temporal affairs, men and women and families are impoverished, wretched, miserable, poor blind, naked, unimproved because they are unwilling to cast themselves wholly upon the Lord vow their vow, and throw themselves entirely upon His side

This high and holy intercourse and fellowship with God unquestionably puts men and women among those of whom He has said "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear"

The true Christian prays methodically and constantly. "Prays while he labors and labors while he prays." Three times a day the prophet Daniel, we are told, offered up prayer to God, seven times a day or oftener, during his brightest hours, David prayed to God. Oh, that such a spirit of prayer might take possession of Christians. Alas! that the love of Christians and the method of Christians, the way of Christians in this matter, should be to day so cold and irregular and uncertain on many occasions

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Prayer is neither frequent, nor fervent, nor satisfactory, but are we enriched by it. Too many of us, I fear, merely keep up our relations to Heaven by weekly and formal communication, feeling quite indifferent about the returns, quite self-satisfied, without any anxiety as to replies

Too many Christians are like the unfinished steeple of a church whose material or means have given out. The graces and dignities of the higher nature are neglected and hastily covered over by a few religious formalities This falling off of desire, or real heart earnestness, is known to God, "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

It is a frequent, fervent prayer that brings its answer, and that is required. In many households, as the day opens and the time for labor returns, there is bustle and haste and lack of time, as we conceive, for an approach to the throne of grace Devotions, if at all used personally, are brief and hasty. The perusal of a portion of God's Word is perhaps omitted or caught at as a scrap, and the life is instantly plunged into the business of the world. "The hart desireth the water brook" no more eagerly than the usual business man desires and demands a glimpse of the morning paper, the secular pursuits, the usual occupations of the day

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Could we say of ourselves that "God is in all our thoughts" after such a preparation for the day? Are we likely to say in all that we do, "Thou, O God seest me" I have no doubt this idea of the necessity of intense application to business during business hours seems to perfectly justify most men in leaving a devout spirit behind them when they go about their business; and this is the reason why we have such varied and weak conceptions of Christian life, of the spiritual life, of the great movements of God in the world, of our duty in the matter of religious observance. Men do not draw nigh to God, enter into communion with Him, so they fail to understand these holy things. They fail to perceive spiritual things or appreciate spiritual duties; they are not near enough to understand the ways and the will of God

In one of the German picture galleries is a painting called Cloudland. It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and, at first sight, it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's Madonna San Sisto If you come close to the picture you see only an innumerable company of angels.

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How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But, if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy. In one cherub face it would see "Whom I love I chasten. Another angel would say: "All things work together for good to them that love God" In still another sweet face the Heavenly words would declare, "Let not your heart be

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THE REV. ALFRED J. P. McCLURE, A. M.

is a graduate of Princeton College and Philadelphia Divinity School. He has filled many positions of honor and trust in various committees and organizations in Philadelphia, while his work in the church has been happy and interesting.

For a period of nearly six years he was Rector's Assistant at Holy Trinity Church, Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia (Bishop Brooks' and Bishop McVickar's old church). He is at present rector of All Hallows Church, Wynnefield, a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, where his practical work in the City [illegible] three-story brick building for [illegible]

Last year he thus met over 18,000 men.

He is author of numerous articles in magazines and elsewhere. Lately he has been elected General Secretary of the American Church Missionary Society of the Protestant [illegible]

EDITOR'S NOTE. The sermons in the POST series are by the best religious thinkers of the world. They represent practical, unsectarian thought. Some of the sermons which have already appeared in this series are:

XI—Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug. 27
XII What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black A. M., D. D.,	Sept. 3
XIII—The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept. 10
XIV—Religion in Daily Life,	by Very Rev. John Caird, D. D.,	Sept. 17
XV—Courage in Common Life,	by Lewis O. Brastow, D. D.,	Oct. 1
XVI—The Courage That Overcomes,	by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	Oct. 8
XVII Making a True Home,	by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.,	Oct. 22
XVIII—The Need for Constant Prayer,	by Rev. A. J. P. McClure, A. M.,	Nov. 5

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXXVIII

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX

By ROBERT BROWNING

WITH ILLUSTRATION BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

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Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

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'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

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At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

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And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on,

CALLED MY ROLAND HIS PET NAME, MY HORSE WITHOUT PEER—

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

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So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright, stubble-like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

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"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

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Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

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And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

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troubled; . . . believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions. . . . Where I am there ye may be also."

I could well wish that in our community a habit of prayer should be commenced and continued. At first it might not be satisfactory, but after many mornings persisted in I am sure there would descend upon you a more serious, more tender, more humane, contrite and humble condition of mind and heart. I am sure you would look upon the pursuits of your day, upon the ambitions of society, as of less value as compared with the demands of eternity. I am sure business men would go in a calmer and cooler and more collected frame of mind to the occupation God had assigned them, more fitted to perform the duties and to amass the wealth they are seeking, and such wealth as would make them rich toward God.

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A Chief Justice of England once said: "If I omit praying and reading a portion of God's Holy Word in the morning, nothing goes well with me throughout all the day," and an eminent philosopher also said that his daily practice of retiring for an hour and spending it in devotion and meditation gave him firmness and vigor for the business of the day.

Harriet Beecher Stowe said of the habits which produced the spirituality of her mother, that with a noiseless step and almost shadowy movement her mother's eye and hand were everywhere. Her home was a model of neatness and order, her children under her in perfect control, and the accumulations of labor that beset a large family melted away under her hands as if by enchantment. She had a divine magic, too, if it be magic to commune daily with the supernatural. She had a little room, all her own, where on a stand always stood open the great family Bible, and, when work pressed hard, and the children were untoward, and when sickness threatened and the skeins of life were all crossing and tangled, she went quietly to that room, and, kneeling over that Bible, took hold of a warm, healing, invisible hand, that made the rough places plain."

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But even if this temporal benefit did not follow, we must always remember that there are interests other and greater than the merely temporal. We have our souls, the souls of our children to care for, to pray for, to surround with an atmosphere of God, and eternity to provide for.

Think of the rich blessing that is rained down upon any community in answer to the prayers of earnest spirits. "God is glorified by the holy conversation of Christians," and the memory of the men and women of faith, and of zeal, and of prayer have blessed unborn generations. These will live in the love and endearment of the church of Christ long after they have gone to their graves. A whole city, a whole region may be lighted up, and perfumed, and made sacred for years by the residence of one such saintly spirit. "Ten (such) praying spirits would have saved Sodom from destruction."

It is told of a man in New England, eminently a man of prayer in his latter life, that fifty years after his death in his native village his memory was fresh and blessed, his name as an ointment poured forth. It is told of him that a great while before the day he would always rise and retire into a solitary place to commune with God, and that, when dying, he pointed to the spot on the floor of his chamber where for more than thirty years, with the exception of ten days, he had risen from his bed every night and knelt and prayed for those about him. "Thus saith the high and lofty one, unto this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and who trembleth at My word."

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"The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous." We all know the duty and the importance of prayer, my friends, and we know, too, that there is a sore temptation to neglect or to hastily perform our devotions, to-day a temptation to rob God of this time due to Him, and to rob our souls of the unsearchable riches and joy awaiting us.

The habit of prayer is broken down and the vitality is taken out of it when we do not feel the need of it, when we do not give the time to it, or when the mind is abstracted while engaged in it. So our souls are kept in leanness, in doubt, in despondency. This is the reason why many Christians, like the prodigal son, "feed on husks when there is bread enough in the Father's house and to spare"; and the poor soul cries out for greater spirituality in the church, greater spirituality in the people, in the clergy, when it is being starved and made lean itself.

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It is related of the venerable William Arthur, that while addressing a company of theological students in this country, and walking about the room as he spoke, his white head as white as ever, though not so erect, the great noble figure beginning to give way, and the voice which had long been tremulous now halting, he stopped suddenly in the middle of the room and pointed with his great arm upward, saying impressively to the students: "Keep the intercourse open there." This is the message I leave for you, my friends.

Let us gird up our loins with a new determination of prayerfulness, a new heart of love, and, in the Holy Communion, again assure ourselves of a love so amazing that it passes knowledge and so utterly divine that it must be true. So shall we be happy.

Let us pray for ourselves, for our children, for our neighbors, for our church. Let us pray fervently and without ceasing.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

The Late Lieutenant Jules G. Ord, U. S. A. The curious report comes from London that Lieutenant Ord, who was killed in one of the battles in the Santiago campaign, was a grandson of King George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Both the Pall Mall Gazette and the London Chronicle received the report with a seriousness that led them into a study of the peculiar relations of King George and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the bearing of the common and church laws thereon.

In this country but little has been made known in regard to this alleged Anglo-American Prince. His record in the War Department only shows that he was born in Michigan, enlisted in the Army as a private, was Quartermaster-Sergeant in the First United States Infantry in 1887-'90, was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Eighteenth United States Infantry on November 6, 1890, and was promoted to First Lieutenant on August 7, 1897. He was killed in action on July 1 last. The London report about Lieutenant Ord offers a rich morsel to the American genealogist.

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The Kaiser's Strange Confession Kaiser Wilhelm is ever so prominently in the public eye, as an expert in every line of human activity, that it will doubtless be surprising to many to learn that until recently there was one thing which he acknowledged he did not know how to do.

His wife and children were recently staying on the Tegernsee, in Bavaria, where he of a thousand costumes later joined them. He found that among other things which had found favor in his boys' eyes was the Jodel of the Tyrol—that peculiar form of singing which we know as the yodel, and which so many would-be singers try to imitate.

The Princes had learned this peculiar call from an old peasant, and were therefore able to jodel to one another in the mountains. The Kaiser, who was much struck by their performance, sent for the förster from whom his boys had learned the delightful cry, and said: "You must teach me the only thing I do not know, and that is to jodel."

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The New Head of the Mormon Church Lorenzo Snow, who has recently been chosen President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—in other words, who is now head of the Mormon Church—is a venerable patriarch, and one of the most forceful characters in the land of Mormondom.

Although he is eighty-four years old, he is strong in body and mind. Although the greatest man in the Mormon Church, Snow is a descendant of sturdy Puritan stock. He was born at Mantua, Ohio, and was educated at Oberlin College. He later removed to Kirtland, Ohio, and there met Joseph Smith. So great was Smith's magnetism that young Snow soon allied himself with Mormonism, and entered upon a most vigorous religious crusade.

He has done mission work in the United States, Great Britain, Italy and the Sandwich Islands. He followed the first band of pioneers to Utah, in 1847, with a train of 100 wagons. He has held to his faith through thick and thin.

President Snow has been an apostle of the church for forty-nine years, and most of his time has been devoted to church interests, and more especially to the establishing of industrial cooperative enterprises.

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A Government Position for a College President Dr. David J. Hill, of Rochester, New York, whom the President has just appointed Assistant Secretary of State, was formerly President of Rochester University. He is a scholarly gentleman, has for years been a close student of international law, and is regarded as something of an authority. He is at present traveling in Holland. He spent two winters in Washington, a few years ago, and has since been greatly interested in politics.

Doctor Hill is a man of large means, and was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, June 10, 1850. He was educated at the University of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, now known as Bucknell University, and was graduated from that institution with the class of 1874, one of the most famous classes that ever graduated from that institution.

In 1877 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric at Lewisburg, and two years later became President of the University, a position which he filled until after the death of Dr. M. B. Anderson, in 1888, when he succeeded the latter as President of Rochester University, having been designated by President Anderson as his successor. This position he resigned two years ago.

Doctor Hill, who received his degree of LL.D. from Michigan University, in 1884, has been a voluminous writer. His treatises on rhetoric are acknowledged as standard text-books in that branch of learning.

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Colonel Astor in a New Rôle Colonel John Jacob Astor has assumed a new rôle and set an example for millionaires. He is now Colonel Astor, the philanthropist.

When he entered upon the Cuban campaign he knew the duties and the responsibilities of soldier life. He left luxurious surroundings to stand where the Mauser and the shrapnel whistled their death notes. Instead of spending his summer at some fashionable resort in the mountains or at the shore, he went where fever and disease lurked.

In camp he saw suffering, privation, patriotic fortitude in men who were not his equals financially; he saw the manliness of the American citizen, and he came back determined to be equal to his privileges.

He has asked that his taxable property be reassessed, and he proposes to pay taxes according to the real value of his property. This will materially lessen the burden of taxation upon those less able to pay.

Besides this, Colonel Astor contemplates establishing a large number of restaurants where pure and well-cooked food can be had at cost price. It is also said that he intends to lessen human suffering as much as possible by erecting a mammoth hospital.

In the educational line, he has in view the building and endowment of a college that will rival Harvard and Yale, with an arrangement whereby money for the student to complete his studies may be borrowed from a fund and repaid when convenient.

The change in Colonel Astor has evidently been the result of his closer contact with men of all classes, of his more or less intimate connection with all sides of life. It is to his lasting credit that he has gone beyond mere impulse, and has crystallized sentiment into actual philanthropic action.

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Ellen Spencer Mussey, Dean of a Law College Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, the acting Chairman of the Red Cross Society of the District of Columbia, showed, by her practical good sense, the way to relieve much of the suffering of the soldiers at Camp Alger, Fortress Monroe and Fort Myer. Her fad was the diet kitchens and everything pertaining to the scientific preparation of special dishes for the sick and wounded, and the convalescing.

Mrs. Mussey is the only woman in the United States who is dean of a law college. She is the daughter of P. R. Spencer, the author of the Spencerian system of penmanship. She married General R. D. Mussey, one of Washington's leading lawyers. She studied law with him, and when severe illness kept General Mussey from the office she went into the office and conducted the business. She did so well that her husband insisted on taking her into business partnership with him, and on his death she retained a very large part of his clientele. In 1896 she founded the Woman's Law Class of the District of Columbia, and it has been most successful in every respect.

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Fitzhugh Lee's Little Story Recently some friends of Fitzhugh Lee were rallying him on his reticence regarding which position he preferred to hold—Military Commissioner, Military Governor of Havana, United States Senator from Virginia, or President. With a mischievous twinkle in his eye, Lee replied:

"Down in the ague country, where the only healthy person is the one who has malaria, there was an old fellow named Jim Robinson, who for a good many years had had the shakes. The chill would come on at a certain hour of the afternoon as regularly as the sun got to a certain point in the sky. Every day Jim Robinson would go out just before the time, take a look around him, hump his shoulders, and say to himself or to any one who happened to be passing: 'Reckon it's about time for my regular shake, and I'll be powerfully disappointed if it don't come on.'"

Although General Lee made no personal application, it is evident that he is not averse to continuing in public life, and, in fact, would be disappointed should he not occupy some prominent place.

Regarding the feeling in Havana favoring annexation to the United States, General Lee says that many of the Cubans are anxious to become Americans. As an example, he repeated an experience with a merchant of Havana, who was a Colonel of Volunteers.

The merchant was telling Lee of his changes of allegiance. First he had been a Carlist, than an ultra-Conservative Spaniard, after that a moderate Conservative, and then a Reformista. When autonomy was adopted by the Sagasta Ministry, he became an Autonomista. After he had recited his political evolution, General Lee asked him innocently: "What next?" "Yankee," promptly replied this Colonel of Volunteers.

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How General Kitchener Outwitted Arab Spies Years of exposure under a tropic sun have so browned Sir Herbert Kitchener, the hero of the fall of Omdurman, that it is little wonder that he closely resembles a native Arabian. But his knowledge of the Oriental languages, together with his appearance, have proved to be invaluable to him at times.

At one of his Army camps on the Nile, two Arab date-sellers were arrested as suspected spies, and were confined in the guard tent. Shortly afterward a third Arab prisoner was hastily bundled into the tent.

An animated jabbering ensued between the three, and in a few minutes, much to the astonishment of the sentry, the latest arrival drew aside the doorway, and stepped out, remarking: "All right, sentry; I'm going to the General."

It was Kitchener. Again only a few minutes passed when an orderly hurried up, and a spade was handed to each of the two Arabs, who were then marched outside the lines, made to dig their own graves, and were then shot. They were very dangerous spies, and Kitchener had detected them.

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The Author of the Sherburne Stories Amanda Minnie Douglas, who has endeared herself to the youth of two generations by her writings, occupies an exceptional place among American authors in that she has maintained an uninterrupted popularity for more than thirty years. Her first book, In Trust, was published in 1867, and her last, A Little Girl in Old Boston, a few weeks ago. In that time scarcely a year passed that she did not publish a book.

In 1893 she won a prize of $2000 with the Story of Larry. She has lately applied herself to expanding the Sherburne Stories, at the request of her publisher, and to preparing a series of historical narratives, of which A Little Girl in Old New York and A Little Girl in Old Boston are the first. She has a charming personality, is intensely fond of children and their pursuits and pleasures, and is constantly engaged in doing something to brighten some one's life.

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Before Dewey Sailed for Manila General E. S. Johnson, one of the strong supporters of Henry T. Gage, received a letter, a short time ago, from a retired military friend in Hong-Kong, says the San Francisco Examiner. The writer is a great friend and admirer of Admiral Dewey.

He was one of the last to bid the Admiral, then Commodore, farewell, and wish him good luck just before he sailed "to intercept and destroy the Spanish fleet."

General Johnson's friend is a member of Hong-Kong's swellest English club. Dewey and his officers were guests at the club while they were in port. Dewey, with his bluff, hearty and outspoken manner, was a favorite of all the English officers at Hong-Kong, as well as the other men at the club.

When the Commodore of our Asiatic squadron received his orders to sail, the Englishmen were sincerely sorry for him, and hated to have him go. The British Admiral was outspoken in his sympathy.

"Commodore," said he, at the club the night before the fleet sailed, "you have my best wishes and sympathy. If you ever meet that fleet they will wipe you off the face of the earth."

Dewey was just a little piqued, but he took the Admiral's expression in the spirit in which it was intended.

"Admiral," he replied, "if the Spaniards wipe me off the face of the earth, they will realize that I was once on the earth."

When the news of the victory in Manila Bay reached Hong-Kong it was doubted. At the club it was pooh-poohed as preposterous. Not that the best wishes of the members were not with the Americans, but the result seemed actually incredible.

"Oh, you don't know Dewey," said General Johnson's friend, in answer to their incredulity.

"When the news was confirmed two days later," he wrote, "I was the biggest man in Hong-Kong. My chest went out a foot, and I was twenty years younger. You should have seen me strut, and every one in Hong-Kong touched his hat to me. Walt till Dewey comes back here. He will own the town."

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John Insley Blair, Pioneer Railroad Builder One of the most interesting characters in the American railroad world is the founder of Blairstown, New Jersey. He is now ninety-six years old, and still supervises his vast railroad and financial concerns. His wealth is estimated at from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000, and has all been acquired by his own efforts.

At one time he was President of upward of twenty railroad and construction companies, and before the era of consolidation was the individual owner of more railroad property than any man in the country.

His operations have been mainly in the West, where, besides building railroads, he has laid out nearly one hundred towns and supplied all of them with substantial church buildings. He has, also, given upward of $3,000,000 to Presbyterian church and educational institutions in various parts of the country, and has been a liberal friend of Princeton University and Lafayette College.

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Chang Yin Huan, Chinese Reformer The degradation of this eminent statesman excited a painful interest in the United States, especially in the official and social circles of Washington, in which he was exceedingly popular while serving as Minister from China.

His familiarity with the customs of progressive Western nations, and his desire to introduce their best features into the political system of his native country won him the marked favor of his Emperor. As an evidence of the Imperial esteem, he was appointed the special ambassador of the Government to Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

His best work for China was in the Foreign Office, where he held the posts of Director of Imperial Railways and of Finance. In the first post he antagonized his former friend, Li Hung Chang, by opposing his Russian leaning, and favoring British influences. He heartily supported the unfortunate Emperor in his reform measures, and on the ascendency of the Empress Dowager was dismissed from all his offices and banished to Chinese Turkestan, on the merely vague charges of being crafty and treacherous.

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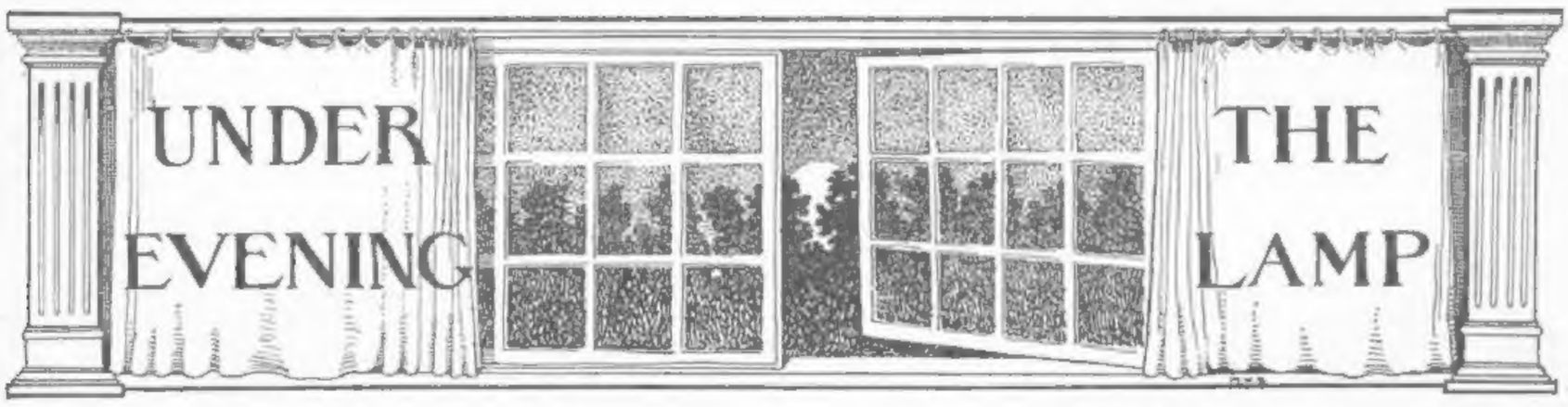
Major Wilkinson, the Indian Fighter Although the recent outbreak of the Pillager Indians did not result as was at first reported, still the redskins succeeded in killing a man who has won an enviable reputation as an Indian fighter.

Major M. C. Wilkinson was no new hand at Indian warfare. After the Civil War, in which he received the brevet rank of Captain for gallant and meritorious service, he was busied in quieting the rebellious tribes in Idaho. In 1890 he received the brevet title of Major for gallant and meritorious service in action against the Indians at Clear Water, Idaho, July 11 and 12, 1877, and at Kamiah, Idaho, July 13, 1877.

In addition to his participation, in 1877, in the Nez Perces campaign with General Howard, then commanding the Department of Columbia, he was conspicuous for gallantry in the Sword-Bearer trouble at the Crow Wing agency in October, 1887. He was also in the Wounded Knee engagement in 1890.

Major Wilkinson was a great favorite with his men, and won the esteem of all with whom he came in touch. He had a wide circle of friends, and his loss is sincerely mourned. His retirement from active service would have occurred next year. It was his ambition to retire with the full title of Major, and he deeply regretted the fact that during the Spanish War he did not have opportunity for active service, but he was ordered to support the United States Marshal in his controversy with the Pillager Indians.

Major Wilkinson was born in New York State in 1835, and had been in the military service continuously since 1861, when he was appointed First Lieutenant in the Twenty-third New York Volunteer Infantry.



HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

How John Bull Got His Name

COMPARATIVELY few people know how the name, John Bull, came to be applied to the English.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, one of the many Royal physicians to whom the Scotch city of Aberdeen has given birth, was the author of John Bull's being. Arbuthnot christened the British nation in bulk as John Bull in the political strife incidental to the dismissal of the Whig Ministry of 1710, when the able and avaricious Marlborough saw the beginning of the decline of his brilliant fortunes.

The history of John Bull was a satire on the political events preceding the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, written by Arbuthnot. In 1704 he had been created physician extraordinary to the Queen in recognition of his services in saving the life of Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. He had become the Queen's confidential medical attendant, a position of no mean importance at a time when so much depended on the succession to the crown, and he was closely in touch with Court life of that period. He wrote:

"For the better understanding of the following history the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very inconsistent temper. He dreaded not old Lewis, either at back-swords, single fashion, or cudgel play; but then, he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, specially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him you might lead him like a child. His temper depended upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass.

"John was quick, and understood his business very well, but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts or more cheated by his partners." So well does this description fit the English character that John Bull came to typify English.

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The Mysterious Temple of India

THE great mystery about Indo-China, and one which must ever be insolvable, is the story of the lost race and the vanished civilization of that strange country. The mighty walls of Angkor-Vat, rising in the midst of sparsely populated jungles, remain as the memorial of a great Empire which has utterly disappeared and is altogether lost to history. No one will ever know who planned this gigantic temple, or what tyrant hounded on his myriads of people to build up those immense blocks of stone and cover them with the most elaborate of sculptures.

Angkor-Vat is one of the most astonishing monuments in the world, and this forgotten temple was built so as to endure as long as the earth itself, were it not for the irresistibly destructive effect of plant life on the strongest walls that man can raise. Only a highly civilized and very wealthy people could have erected Angkor-Vat—a very different race from the Annamite of modern days. The whole nation has disappeared as completely as the busy myriads who once populated the wastes of Memphis.

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Famous Men With Perfect Memories

SCALIGER, the philologist of the sixteenth century, who edited several of the classics, was so certain of his memory, says a writer in the London Standard, that he undertook to repeat long passages from Latin works with a dagger at his breast, which was to be used against him in the event of his memory failing; while Seneca, the tutor of Nero, could repeat two thousand words exactly as he heard them.

Pope could turn at once to any passage which had struck him when reading; and Leyden, the Scottish poet, who died in the early part of the century, was also remarkable for his memory.

When congratulated, on one occasion, upon his aptitude for remembering things, Dryden replied that he often found his memory a source of inconvenience. Surprise was expressed at this, whereupon the poet replied that he often wished to recall a particular passage, but could not do so until he had repeated the whole poem from the beginning to where the passage occurred which he wished to recall.

Leyden is also credited with having been able to repeat an act of Parliament or a lengthy legal document after having heard it only once.

The newspapers of January, 1820, contain a number of allusions to the case of a man named Thomson, who drew plans of a dozen London parishes, including every church, chapel, yard, court, monument, lamp-post, and innumerable trees and pumps, without reference to a single book, and without asking a single question.

An English clergyman mentions a man of weak intellect, who lived about the same time, who could remember the names and ages of every man, woman and child who had been buried in the parish during thirty-five years, together with the dates of burial and the names of the mourners who were present at the funeral.

That great memories are not the product of civilization is proved by an instance recorded by Doctor Moffat, the great African missionary. Doctor Moffat once preached a sermon to a group of negroes, and was shortly afterward attracted by the gesticulations of a young savage addressing a number of blacks. On going up to the group, he was amazed to hear the savage reproducing his own sermon—word for word.

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A Song of the Ten-Inch Shell

By HAROLD RYLEY

FROM the noiseless gloom of the inner tomb
They raise the drossy ore;
From the blinding red of my flame birthbed
My glowing frame they pour;
With rhythmic beat of dancing feet
The great trip-hammers swing.
They forge me well, the shapely shell,
Bride of the battle-king.

Now still I stand; on either hand
My right companions be,
Gray, grim and lean as the shadow seen
Of the shark in the dusky sea;
Till the bugle shrill my time fulfill,
And away at last I ride
To the light of the sun, where my bridegroom gun
Shall clasp me a moment's bride.

A touch, a spark, and hark! oh, hark!—
Impregnated with fire,
Hot with the heat of hate, and fleet
With the fury of desire—
I fly! I fly! my goal is nigh;
I light the whirling shell—
And the air around shrieks to the sound
And the agony of hell!

The iron beams give, the steel plates rive
To my tyrannous claim of way;
The sea leaps in where I lightly win—
Down from the light of day,
Down, down we go, the shattered foe
And I that dealt the doom,
Back to the night, mine old birthright,
And the silence of the tomb!

—The Temple Magazine.

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Where Marriage is Really a Lottery

IN THE Province of Smolensk, in Russia, there is held every three months the most remarkable lottery ever devised. Husbands and wives are chosen by the chance drawing of a lottery ticket.

The tickets cost one ruble (60 cents) each. There is only one prize to be drawn, and it consists of the entire sum yielded by the sale of the tickets, amounting to 5000 rubles ($3000), together with a lady described as being of noble blood.

The tickets are sold only to men, and the lucky winner of the prize will have to marry the damsel if he takes the 5000 rubles ($3000). If, however, he be already married, he is at liberty to turn over the money and the lady to any friend whom he may wish to put in for such a good thing.

If the winner should be willing to marry, but is not found to be to the damsel's taste, then they are to be excused from matrimony, and permitted to divide the rubles. It is not hard to imagine a condition of affairs where the lady in the case refuses her chosen lord and prefers to take the cash, deciding that 2500 rubles ($1500) is more to be desired than a more or less doubtful happiness with a husband of whom she knows nothing.

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George Eliot's Indescribable Charm

WHEN George Eliot was about fifty she looked years older, says Miss M. Betham Edwards in her Reminiscences. She wore, as she always did, a plain black silk dress, having a white shawl about her shoulders and light gloves in her hand—being dressed for the opera. Some people have talked and written of the ugliness of this great woman. This sort of criticism recalls a famous scene in Middlemarch. "'Mr. Casaubon has a wart on his nose,' said pert little Celia to her sister. 'I dare say he has,' was Dorothea's dignified rebuke, 'when certain people look at him.'"

And thus George Eliot in some eyes was ugly because, forsooth, she lacked dimpled cheeks, round eyes and pretty mouth! If hers was ugliness, would we had more of it in the world! When, in speaking, her large, usually solemn features lighted up, a positive light would flash from them, a luminosity irradiate, not her own person only, but her surroundings. A sovereign nature, an august intellect, had transported us into its own exalted atmosphere.

A lady who for many years was on close terms of intimacy with George Eliot, thus describes the novelist:

"How any one—himself looking out of refined eyes—could call George Eliot's features 'coarse' I cannot for a moment understand. Massive they were, and reminded one in their power of Savonarola; in their sweetness and thought, of Dante. I have seen her face look perfectly beautiful; and once I remember—can I forget?—while talking to me with great earnestness and feeling, there was a light and glory on her face that made me think of the transfigured faces on the Mount, and that held me so spellbound with wonder and admiration that I was never able to recall one word of what she had been saying. I have grieved over this, for she was speaking of what had been nearest her heart in writing her books.

"So very far from being conceited or 'pedantic,' I never knew one more heartfeltedly modest, less self-assertive. Self-knowledge, naturally, she had, and great diffidence—very surprising to me in her. Her wide, kindly tolerance, her lovingness, her maternal compassion for the world's sufferings and wrongs, her readiness to be pleased and amused, were to me most helpful on many occasions, and altogether lovely."

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Where They Box the Bride's Ear

IN LITHUANIA, a province of Russia, there is a curious wedding custom which requires that the bride's ears be boxed by her mother before the ceremony.

The custom may seem rather brutal to an American, but it is really done with the best of motives, and the most tender-hearted mother in Lithuania will insist on fulfilling her part before the couple are married.

The reason for it is simply this: If the young woman, after some years of wedded life, finds that she has made an unhappy choice of a husband, she can sue for a divorce, on the ground that she was forced into the marriage, and the fact that her mother boxed her ear, just before the ceremony was performed, can be brought forward as positive proof that she was an unwilling bride.

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As Nansen Saw the Aurora Borealis

THE aurora of the Yukon is intensely beautiful and brilliant during the long winter nights in the Arctic regions. It commences early in the fall, and greatly helps drive darkness from that frozen land. As soon as the sun sets, it begins and flashes its unwarming light along the frozen rivers and great banks of snow. The huge mountains of glistening ice, with their black lines of fir trees, stand out in beautiful relief; their tints, of the purest Arctic cast, cause the inhabitant to shiver, and button his coat closer, and gladly seek a light of less brilliancy but of life-giving warmth.

During midwinter, when the sun shines but four hours out of twenty-four, the aurora is very intense, and helps wonderfully to light and beautify the long Arctic nights. Nansen, in his book, Farthest North, beautifully describes the aurora borealis of the farthest northern region. He describes it as dreamy color music; a far-away, long-drawn-out melody on muted strings. One shade melts into another, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, yet they are all there. It is dreamland painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color etherealized.

The sky is like an enormous cupola—blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into violet and lilac at the edges. Over the ice fields there are cold violet-blue shadows, with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, those unchanging friends, speaking peace, as they always do.

In the South stands a large and red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring, and light golden clouds floating on the blue background. Presently the aurora shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver—changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contrasts again in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes.

Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away into moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light—they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. Now it grows again, new lightnings shoot up, and the matchless pyrotechnics begin afresh. And all the time an utter stillness reigns, impressive as the symphony of infinitude.

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Paying a Delicate Compliment

A SCOTCH farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against his. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working hard in an inclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree near-by and then addressed the farmer:

"Friend, I have heard marvelous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler."

The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up——

"Well," said the farmer, "have you anything to say to me?"

"No," replied his lordship, brushing the dust from his clothes, "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse!"

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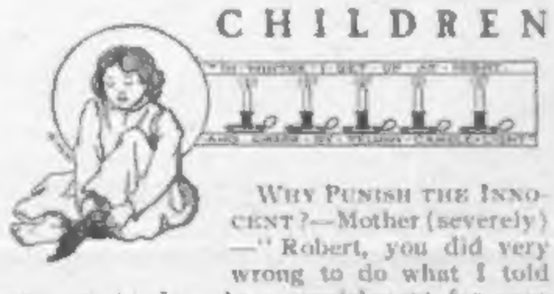
THE WIT OF THE CHILDREN



WHY PUNISH THE INNOCENT?—Mother (severely)—"Robert, you did very wrong to do what I told you not to do. As a punishment for your disobedience, I forbid you to play with Willie again this afternoon." Bobbie and Willie twist nervously in their chairs for half an hour, when Willie observes: "Ma, do you think it's fair to punish both of us for what Bobbie done?"

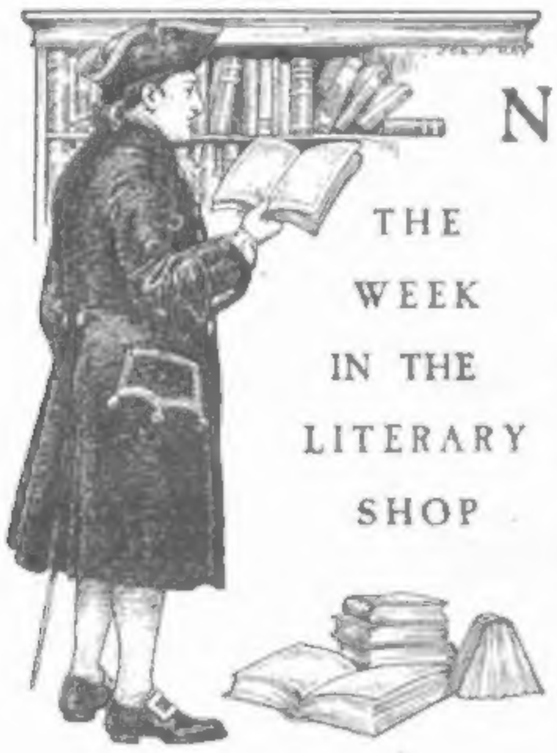
TEACHING THE MINISTER.—In Stamford, Connecticut, two children attended service at the church of which Rev. Mr. Vail is pastor. Mr. Vail repeated the words: "There is nowhere, no place, that God is not." In an audible whisper Pauline said to her brother: "He don't know about it, does he? But I'll tell him after church." Just as the preacher descended the pulpit steps a breathless little figure caught hold of him and said pantingly: "You don't know about God, Mr. Vail. He isn't everywhere, like you think He is, 'cause the Bible says: 'God is not in the thoughts of the wicked.' That's why He don't always get into me, but I'm going to try to be very good this week, so He'll come." And as Mr. Vail took the bright-eyed little one tenderly in his arms she added naively: "You don't know everything, do you, Mr. Vail?"

RECOGNIZING THE FITNESS OF THINGS.—Mary wrote a composition on The Cow. It was brief. "The cow is a very useful animal." Her mother requested her to read it to the minister, which she did, amending it to suit the occasion: "The cow is the most useful animal except religion."

HIS BRIGHT IDEA.—A literary man in Boston has a son who is to him as the apple of his eye. The other day he noticed a square hole in the trousers of his well beloved—a shrieking hole just above the knee. "How is this?" asked the sire. And the boy replied: "You know I have two pairs—my best and the other. I couldn't tell them apart, so I cut a hole in the best, and now I can tell 'em and know which to put on."

PREPARED FOR THE WORST.—The other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained: "Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."

APPRECIATING OUR BLESSINGS.—Willie, a five-year-old youngster, was in the habit of complaining of his dinner, and one day his father said: "Willie, you should not find fault with what is set before you. When I was your age I was thankful to get enough dry bread to eat." Willie finished his dinner in silence, but as he climbed down from his chair he said: "Pa, ain't you awful glad you come to board with us?"



NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

THE WEEK IN THE LITERARY SHOP

The Californians, by Gertrude Atherton.—All novelists are divided into three classes—those who write one good book, and stop there; those who write one good book, and a whole lot of others which are not so good; and those who write one indifferent book, and others which are better in proportion to their distance from the author's starting point.

Mrs. Atherton belongs to this last class. The farther we follow her, the more we like her, though she is still at the better and not the best stage of comparison. She has shown abundant ability in the books which have preceded The Californians, but it is ability untempered by the power of self-restraint. In fact, it almost seems as if she had breathed in the microbe of extravagance and recklessness from the pages of one of her own books, with its pictures of vulgarity and violence in the far West.

In almost everything which makes for good work, she is better in The Californians, though even in it there are places where her pen rasps harshly.

Her heroine, Magdalena, is the daughter of a Spanish hidalgo and a Boston "schoolmarm." The union, as was to have been expected, was a most unhappy one, and Magdalena, in whose rather unattractive person Spain and New England are fighting, is a mixture of pride, dignity, passion, reticence, and those qualities of mind which are found at their best above the snow-line on Beacon Hill.

She wishes to attract attention by beauty, by magnetism, by all those things which are not hers, but she has to stand by and watch her friends—and seldom were a prettier, wittier and breezier lot of girls brought together between the covers of a book—succeed where she fails. But she holds our sympathies, and we are sorry to have her accept Trennahan, middle-aged and awfully bored with everything, who, as a preliminary to proposing, cold-bloodedly confesses the indiscretions of his hot-blooded past.

Power, originality, promise—this is what one finds in The Californians—not to mention slang. (John Lane, London and New York.)

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A Great Love, by Clara Louise Burnham.—Love affairs, says that clever Prince Ferdinand of Mr. Harland's *fancy*, are simply iterations. And while it would hardly be fair to generalize so broadly in speaking of Miss Burnham's wholesome little love stories, one finds warrant in them for believing that there may be some truth in the theory of the transmigration and reincarnation of souls—at least, in so far as the characters of fiction are concerned. The reader will be sure that he has met the old maid of A Great Love in a previous state, or rather states, of existence, in Miss Burnham's earlier books.

A Great Love is a story within a story, with two heroes, two heroines, and, consequently, a double portion of love. It is not this to which the author refers in her title, but to the sacrifice of her real heroine, Margaret Carruth, who is strong enough to renounce the man whom she loves and send him back to the woman who, she feels, has a prior claim on him.

The other heroine, Althea Gaylord, a breezy, slangy, Western girl, places her affections with more discretion and has better luck. But if Miss Burnham presents her as the typical Western girl, then the Western girl has a grievance.

That favorite heroine of novelists who hails from beyond the Missouri, and whose sole medium of expression is slang, delivered in cyclonic bursts, alternating with giggles, is as much of a caricature as Ouida's American millionaire, who feeds in live stock at one end of a complicated machine and receives back an hundredfold in hams and sausages.

But this is all apart from the main point—that Miss Burnham has given us a clean, bright, readable book, a book which will delight every girl who picks it up. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

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The What is Worth While Series.—Four of these admirable little books have just been issued in handsome white-and-gold bindings. What a Carpenter Did With His Bible is a paper by John Franklin Genung, which draws from the life of the Nazarene Carpenter the lesson that those who are to-day artisans have the widest possible opportunities for spiritual and mental culture.

The Study of English Literature, by William Henry Hudson, is a popular study of the relation of literature to general life. Luxury and Sacrifice is an argument for luxury in its attractive forms as a stimulus to exertion—at least, when it does not lead to selfishness, pride and conceit.

The Best Life, by Charles Franklin Thwing, is a strong, helpful address by the President of the Western Reserve University. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Boston.)

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THE TITLE MONGERS

By William Farquhar Payson

The Hero.—And yet no poverty, misery nor excessive immorality showed themselves in the Marquis Montrecourt that evening, as he sat sipping his wine from his glass and listening to the wit of the women at his side, perhaps with a slight preference for the wine. For to look at his face—a face of countless expressions always entirely under control, expressions of deep feeling or utter nonchalance, of intense enthusiasm or ennui, of hard, stern, masculine formality, or of tender, almost feminine grace, expressions ever kaleidoscopically changing to please the moods and surroundings, and so blinding the eye of an observer by their constant contradictions as to obscure from view their motive power, the true nature underlying them—to observe all things, noticing that no telltale marks of dissipation marred his surpassingly handsome face, was to characterize the Marquis as a wonderful man, wonderful, too, for having preserved his good looks, the lustre to his deep, powerful eyes, after his mad wild race; wonderful for having maintained his social position after the departure of his fortunes.

The Heroine.—At the head of the table sat his sister, Oléa Fabian, so named after her mother, of Huguenot lineage, dead these ten years. Oléa was one of those women forever idealized by men. If she had questioned the brother at breakfast this morning it was only with her eyes, for her tact was never overcome by curiosity. And those eyes with the fire to burn themselves into men's hearts, what word was not in their language? —to what question could they not compel an answer?

How It Ended.—She released her hold of his hands, and, stepping backward, bowed her head as if in a silent prayer for mercy.

"You must go," she said softly, and then they turned, slowly retracing their steps to the house.

"But some time you may come back," she whispered; "yes; you may, you will, come back."

"If I am ever rich, if the stigma ever passes, if the penalty and the debt are fully paid, I shall come back. The penalty must not be paid with the supreme sorrow of a moment, as it was in that instant when first you said you loved me, and again when first the story was given to the world, and once more when I knew that you had paid the debt; the toil and hopelessness of years. And this is the decree of God, for He names my fortune as the only passport to our union. The world cannot point the finger of scorn when I am rich; scorn is not for free men, and none can find sordid motives in me. It is the only way."

They were now at the door, and for one last minute Oléa stood on the threshold, her hand upon his shoulder.

"It must be soon," she said bravely; but the trial was far too great for other words.

"It cannot be forever," he returned, and in all tenderness, kissing her hand, he left. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

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Songs of War and Peace, by Sam Walter Foss.—An excellent quality of newspaper verse is written by Mr. Foss, as every one who takes a daily knows, and some of the best of this verse goes to make up the present volume. Many of them have been widely copied.

While Mr. Foss' muse is not, perhaps, of a high order, it strikes a popular chord, and, especially when it deals with homely subjects, the result is very readable. But when it takes such a theme as, I am War, which is the title of the first poem in the present collection, one should stand from under. For example, read these shrieking lines, with which it begins:

"I am War. The upturned eyeballs of piled dead men greet my eye,
And the sons of mothers perish—and I laugh to see them die—
Mine the demon lust for torture, mine the devil lust for pain,
And there is to me no beauty like the pale brows of the slain!"

Mr. Foss should stick to simple, homely themes. With them he does good work. (Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

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A Lover of Truth, by Eliza Orne White.—Jean is an ugly duckling who has learned from bitter experience that shy and rather plain girls usually spend a good deal of their time at balls near the wall. Of this discontented and depressed young woman, Miss White has made a singularly sympathetic study, and around her she has built up a very pretty little romance.

Jean has latent powers, and our sympathies to start with. She develops her powers and holds our sympathies. As she grows older she becomes more attractive, and is finally recognized as an artist of ability. And in the last chapter she has her little revenge on the past, without seeking it, and, just as the curtain falls, finds her way to the arms of her chosen hero in the most satisfactory manner possible.

Miss White has written a pure, old-fashioned love story, with the scent of lavender about it, and still a story that is free from gush and girlishness. (Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

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Ciderville Folks, as seen by Silas Ganderfoot, by Elijah P. Brown.—Seeing printed under the author's name on the title page the familiar words, "The Ram's Horn Man," carries one back to the days when the "Detroit Free Press Man," the "Burlington Hawkeye Man," and some half-dozen others manufactured the humor for the country, and, with their little jokes, made their respective papers famous and paying properties. The class is pretty well extinct now, for the old-timers are either dead or, having cut loose from the papers of their early associations, have regained possession of their names.

Mr. Brown, like most of those who have preceded him in the same field, belongs to the bad-spelling school of humorists, but this does not keep him from saying a good many genuinely bright and clever things. His audience—and it is a large one—will find him at his best in Ciderville Folks. (The Date Publishing Company, Chicago.)

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The Loves of the Lady Arabella, by Molly Elliot Seawell.—For those who "dearly love a lord," or his feminine equivalent, a lady, it is safe, apparently, to recommend the books of this author, for tripping on the heels of the Lady Betty Stair there comes the Lady Arabella Stormont.

The scene of the present novel is laid in the eighteenth century, and the action takes place, part on board a British man-of-war, part in London drawing-rooms. There is perhaps a superabundance of description, but it is good, and, in the main, the story is spirited and interesting.

The illustrations by George Gibbs are exceptionally well done, and bring out admirably the flavor and color of the times of which the author writes. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.)

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HALL CAINE'S NEW BOOK

In all probability, Mr. Hall Caine's next novel will be published in shilling parts. This is the old method of Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, and is, of course, profitable, although the sacrifice involved in giving up the serial rights in England and America is very considerable. The title thought of for the story is, it is said, The Drunkard.

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BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESS

Adventures of François: S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.: The Century Company; Illustrated; Cloth	$1 50
Down Durley Lane and Other Ballads: Virginia Woodward Cloud: The Century Company; Illus.	1 50
Good Americans: Mrs. Burton Harrison: The Century Company; With Frontispiece; Cloth	1 25
Home Economics: Maria Parloa: The Century Company: Illustrated; Cloth	1 50
Little Masterpieces: Carlisle: Edited by Bliss Perry: Doubleday & McClure Co.; With Portrait	30
Little Masterpieces: Macaulay: Edited by Perry Bliss: Doubleday & McClure Co.; With Portrait	30
Little Masterpieces: Ruskin: Edited by Perry Bliss: Doubleday & McClure Co.; With Portrait	30
Madame Butterfly and Other Tales: John Luther Long: The Century Co.; With Frontispiece; Cloth	1 25
Mistress Nancy Molesworth: A Tale of Adventure: Joseph Hocking: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Cloth	1 00
Modern Political Institutions: Simeon E. Baldwin, LL.D.: Little, Brown & Co.; Cloth	2 00
Poor Richard's Almanack: Edited by Benjamin Smith: The Century Co.; With Portrait; Leather	1 00
Primer of Heraldry for Americans: Edward S. Holden, LL.D.: The Century Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 00
Short History of English Literature: George Saintsbury: Macmillan Company; Cloth	1 50
The Day's Work and Other Stories: Rudyard Kipling: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Illus.; Cloth	1 50
The King's Ward: Jessie Van Tile Belden: F. Tennyson Neely: With Frontispiece; Cloth	
Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character: Hamlin Garland: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Illustrated	2 50

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